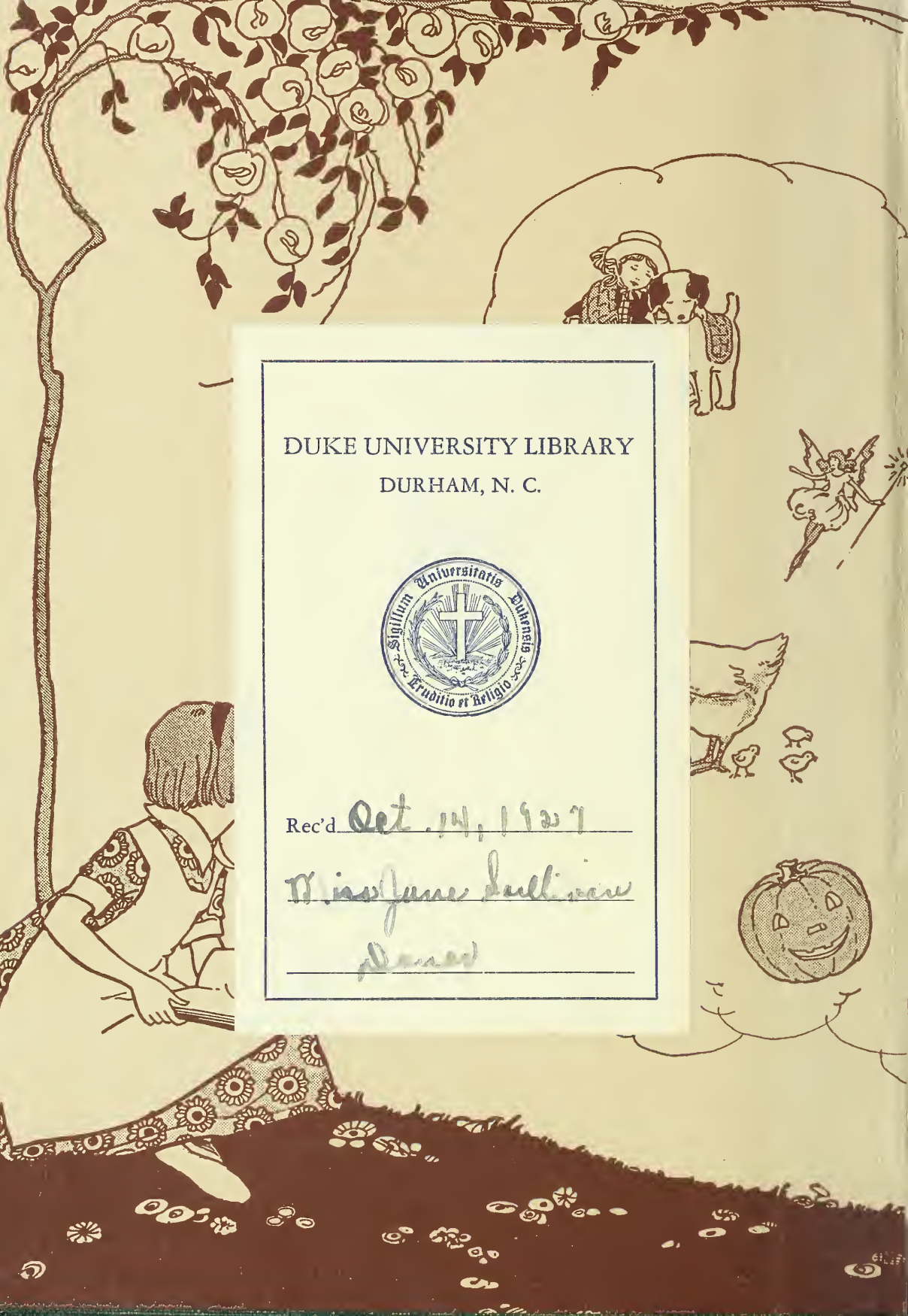
CHILD-LIBRARY READERS

BOOK TWO

ELSON EXTENSION SERIES



DUKE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY
DURHAM, N. C.

Sigillum Universitatis Dukensis
Eruditio et Religio

Rec'd Oct. 14, 1927

Miss Jane Sullivan

Denver

LKD.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2015

https://archive.org/details/childlibraryread21elso

THE ELSON EXTENSION SERIES

CHILD-LIBRARY READERS

BOOK TWO

BY

WILLIAM H. ELSON
AUTHOR OF THE ELSON READERS

AND

LURA E. RUNKEL
PRINCIPAL PATTISON SCHOOL, SUPERIOR, WISCONSIN

SCOTT, FORESMAN AND COMPANY
CHICAGO ATLANTA NEW YORK

113438

COPYRIGHT 1925

BY

SCOTT, FORESMAN AND COMPANY

For permission to use copyrighted material grateful acknowledgment is made for "I Don't Want To," Hammond, from *Junior Home Magazine*, courtesy of the D. C. Kreidler Company; to Charles Scribner's Sons for "Nell and Her Bird" from *Rhymes and Jingles*, Dodge; to Milton Bradley Company for "The Little Frog That Did Not Mind," from "The Frogs" in *Kindergarten Story Book*, Hoxie, for "The Turkey's Nest" from *More Mother Stories*, Lindsay, and to the author, also; and for "A Dream Song," Bowman, printed in the *Kindergarten Review;* to the Congregational Publishing Company for "Why Little Cricket Sang," Wade, from "The Little Cricket" in *Little Animal Stories*, Danielson, for "The Story of Luck and Pluck" from "The Fable of the Wish" in *The Bluebird's Garden*, Beard, and for "The Magic Ladder" from "The House of Beautiful Days" in *The City That Never Was Reached*, Stocking, all copyright by the Pilgrim Press and used by permission; to the publishers for "The Fox That Traveled," Johnson, from *The Oak Tree Fairy Book*, copyright, 1905, by Little, Brown and Company; to S. E. Cassino Company for "The Kitten That Wanted to Be a Christmas Present," Plympton, from *Little Folks Magazine;* to Harper and Brothers for "The Blue and the Green Eggs" from "The Pink and Blue Eggs" and "The Fairies' Kittens" from "How Pussy Willows Grew," both in *Told by the Sandman, Stories for Bedtime*, Walker; for "The Balloon Man" from *Fairies and Chimneys* and "If You Meet a Fairy" from *The Fairy Flute*, Fyleman, copyright, 1920, George H. Doran Company, publishers.

263.3

C.C.
428.6
E49C
ed. 1
Hr. 2

CONTENTS

SILENT READING PICTURE STORY 6

PART I—STORIES ABOUT CHILDREN

BETTY'S FLOWER SHOP ..... *Josephine Scribner Gates* ... 7
I DON'T WANT TO ..... *Eleanor Hammond* 13
NELL AND HER BIRD ..... *Mary Mapes Dodge* 18
POOR MARY JANE ..... *Anne Gage* 20

SILENT READING REVIEW STORY

BILLY'S GARDEN ..... *Carolyn Sherwin Bailey* 31

PART II—TALES OF MOTHER NATURE

HOW THE FLOWERS GROW ..... *Gabriel Setoun* 38
UP TO THE SKY AND BACK ..... *Katherine Orr* 40
LITTLE WHITE LILY ..... *George Macdonald* 45
FIVE PEAS IN A POD ..... *Hans Christian Andersen* .. 46
THE ROBIN ..... *Laurence Alma-Tadema* 53
THE LITTLE FROG THAT DID NOT MIND . *Jane L. Hoxie* 55
WHY LITTLE CRICKET SANG ..... *Blanche Elizabeth Wade* ... 58
THE SPIDERS ..... *Olive A. Wadsworth* 63

SILENT READING REVIEW STORY

THE TURKEY'S NEST ..... *Maud Lindsay* 64

PART III—TALES OF LONG AGO

CLOVERS ..... *Kate L. Brown* 73
THE STORY OF LUCK AND PLUCK ..... *Patten Beard* 74
FIVE LITTLE CHICKENS ..... *Old Verse* 79
THE COCK AND THE HEN ..... *Old Tale* 80
THE FOX THAT TRAVELED ..... *Clifton Johnson* 83

SILENT READING REVIEW STORY

THE STARS IN THE SKY ..... *English Folk Tale* 90

113438

PART IV—FESTIVAL DAYS

The Laughing Jack-o-lantern ..... *Anne Gage* 99
Uncle Rabbit's Thanksgiving Dinner *Carolyn Sherwin Bailey* 109
The Kitten That Wanted to Be a Christmas Present ..... *Daisy Plympton* 117
How Fred Earned a Flag ..... *Carolyn Sherwin Bailey* 123
SILENT READING REVIEW STORY
The Blue and the Green Eggs ..... *Abbie Phillips Walker* 129

PART V—STORIES OF TODAY

The Balloon Man ..... *Rose Fyleman* 137
Star, the Proud Horse ..... *Alice Thompson Paine* 138
Peter Rabbit ..... *Beatrix Potter* 153
A Visit to the Old Mill ..... *Katharine E. Dopp* 161
SILENT READING REVIEW STORY
Prince, the Faithful Dog ..... *Maud Lindsay* 179

PART VI—THE LAND OF MAKE-BELIEVE

If You Meet a Fairy ..... *Rose Fyleman* 192
The Fairies' Kittens ..... *Abbie Phillips Walker* 194
The Holly-Tree Elf ..... *Alice Thompson Paine* 200
A Dream Song ..... *Phila Butler Bowman* 210
SILENT READING REVIEW STORY
The Magic Ladder ..... *Jay T. Stocking* 212

Suggestions to Teachers 231
Some Books for a Room Library 237
Word List 239

INTRODUCTION

The *Child-Library Readers, Book Two,* is the third book of the *extension series* planned for the school reading program. When used to follow *The Elson Readers, Book Two,* notable economy will result from the absence of duplicate stories. Moreover, the *Child-Library Readers, Book Two,* is admirably suited to follow any other second reader, for most of the material is fresh and distinctive, and the vocabulary is well chosen.

As in the *Child-Library Primer* and *Book One,* the stories have been selected for their child-interest and wholesome ethical content. Kindness, helpfulness, contentment, industry, promptness, gratitude, love of Mother, and obedience are attractively portrayed in interesting stories, yet without any of the atmosphere of preachiness.

A distinctive feature of this Reader is the excellent provision made for Silent Reading. Throughout the book at the end of each group of selections, is found a Silent Reading Story, carefully adapted to contain only words previously known to the child. These stories (see pages 31, 64, 90, 129, 179, and 212) provide sixty-two pages of Silent Reading material of an exceptional kind for training in both speed and thought-getting ability. Suggestions for using this material appear on pages 231-236.

The *Child-Library Readers, Book Two,* is based on the belief that what the child needs when he has gained control of a few hundred words, in his basal reading, is not primarily *more* words, but the wide use of this vocabulary in new and interesting associations, with only a minimum of new words to learn. In consequence, great care has been taken to make the text simple and easy to master. Only 161 words occur that have not appeared in the preceding books of the *Elson Readers* and the *Child-Library Series.* This text, therefore, serves as a happy means of transition from *Book Two* to *Book Three* of the *Elson Series.* It is also well adapted to the use of any second grade after a basal text has been read.

The illustrations, which are mainly by L. Kate Deal and Blanche Maggioli, are not mere decorations, but are so drawn as to present in visual form the unfolding of the narrative.

*SILENT READING PICTURE STORY**

Look through your book, and find more than one story that fits each of 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.

*For plan of using this picture lesson, see page 231.

BETTY'S FLOWER SHOP

I

One morning in the early spring when Betty came down to breakfast, she found some wee paper bags beside her plate.

Betty picked up one of the little bags and opened it. She found many tiny seeds inside.

"These seeds are for your own little garden," said Betty's mother.

"Am I going to have a garden?" asked Betty.

"Yes," said Mother, "the ground is ready for you now. Eat your breakfast, and then you can run and look at your garden."

As soon as Betty had finished her breakfast, she ran out to her mother's garden. There she saw her flower bed. The soft black earth was ready for the seeds. A little rake and hoe were waiting for her, too.

Mother came and showed Betty how to plant the seeds. Then the little girl dug holes, put the seeds in, and covered them up in their warm beds.

"I see that the rain is coming," said Mother. "Your seeds will have a drink. Soon they will wake up and push their heads out of the ground. Then they will grow and grow, just as boys and girls grow."

Betty did not have to wait long to see the little heads peeping up. She saw some-

thing else growing besides the leaflets of her plants. The weeds had come up, and she had to pull them out. Then she killed some bugs that wanted to eat her plants.

The little plants grew in thick green rows. When Betty's mother saw them, she began to pull out some.

"Oh, Mother!" Betty cried, "you are pulling up my plants. Those are not weeds."

"I know they are plants, Betty," her mother answered. "But they are too thick, and we must thin them out. We will pull

some out of every row. Then each little plant will have room to grow, and your flowers will bloom sooner."

Betty helped her mother thin out the plants. The little girl worked in her garden every day, and by and by it was a beautiful sight.

She had many kinds of lovely flowers. She had four-o'clocks, sweet peas, forget-me-nots, daisies, and others.

II

One day in the summer Betty came running into the house.

"Mother," she cried, "all the children are having shops and selling things. May I have a shop, too?"

"Why are the children having shops, Betty?"

"Oh," answered Betty, "they are going to take the money they get and send poor children to the country for a week."

"Do you know why the children need to go to the country, dear?"

"Yes, Mother, May told me. She says they live in the city, where it is hot, and they get sick. They need to go to the country, where they can play in the cool grass, and have nice fresh vegetables to eat."

"Yes, that is true. I think it will be fine if you can help some poor children. What kinds of shops are the children having?"

Betty answered, "Some are selling candies, and some are selling ice-cream. Others are selling vegetables from their gardens. Dora is selling paper dolls that she made and dressed. What do you think I could sell, Mother?"

"You may sell your flowers," said Mother.

Betty was so happy that she clapped her hands and danced.

The next day Father made a place in the yard for her to sell her flowers. He placed a table and a bench in the shade.

Every morning after that, Betty picked her very best flowers and put them in bowls on the table.

She sold so many that she earned enough money to send two little girls to the country for a week. How happy she was that she could do this!

And how happy the little girls were, out in the country, sleeping, playing in the sunshine, eating good food, and drinking fresh milk!

—*Josephine Scribner Gates.*

I DON'T WANT TO

Time—EARLY ONE MORNING

Place—BETTY JANE'S ROOM

Persons:

BETTY JANE	BRUSH
LARK	SHOES
CLOCK	DRESS
COMB	WIND

MOTHER

[*Betty Jane is lying in her white bed. Beside the bed is a table with a little clock on it, and a comb, a brush, and a hair-ribbon. On the floor by the bed are Betty Jane's shoes, and her blue and white dress hangs over the foot of her bed. There is a window on the other side of her bed, and a closet door across the room. Betty Jane has just waked up.*]

BETTY JANE. [*Sitting up in bed.*] I wonder what time it is.

LARK. [*Singing outside the window.*] Time to get up! Time to get up!

BETTY JANE. [*Lying down again.*] I don't want to get up! I don't want to wash and dress and comb my hair.

CLOCK. Tick, tock! Time to get up! My hands say seven o'clock. Time to get up! Tick, tock!

BETTY JANE. I don't want to get up!

CLOCK. Then I shall stop working. My hands will not move. I don't want to tell time any more for such a cross little girl.

[*The clock stops ticking, and its hands stand still.*]

COMB. I don't blame the clock. I don't want to do anything with Betty Jane's hair today. Do you, Brush?

BRUSH. No, I don't want to do any work at all today for a little girl that is cross.

[*The comb and the brush hop down from the table and start toward the door. The hair-ribbon flies past them.*]

BETTY JANE. Oh, hair-ribbon, where are you going? And there go my brush and comb! If they go away, I cannot comb or brush my hair. Then how can I go to school?

SHOES. I don't want to take a cross little girl to school today, anyway.

[*The shoes start across the floor toward the closet.*]

DRESS. I don't want to go to school today, either, if a cross little girl wears me. I should much rather hang in the closet.

[*The dress jumps down from the bed and dances across the floor to the closet.*]

BETTY JANE. Come back! Come back! I don't want to have to stay in bed all day!

ALL. We don't care! We don't care!

[*Betty Jane jumps out of bed and runs to the window.*]

BETTY JANE. [*Looking out.*] Where is the sun? It is almost dark.

WIND. He did not want to shine this morning, and he went under some clouds.

[*Betty Jane goes back to bed.*]

BETTY JANE. Nothing wants to do what it ought to!

WIND. Too bad! Too bad!

LARK. [*Begins singing again.*] Time to get up! Time to get up!

BETTY JANE. Oh, I am glad to hear you! Now I am going to get up this minute, and I will never again say, "I don't want to."

[*The sun begins to shine, and the room grows light. The clock ticks and its hands move. The brush, comb, dress, ribbon, and shoes all go back to their places.*]

CLOCK. Tick, tock! Time to get up! Tick, tock!

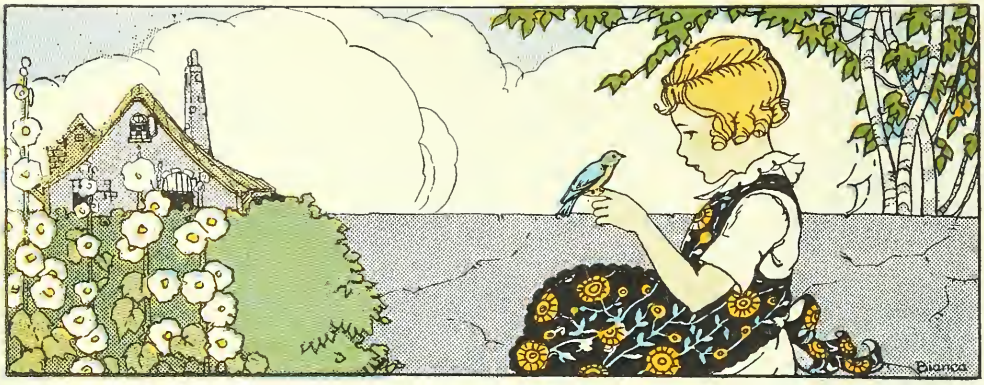
MOTHER. [*Calling from down-stairs.*] Time to get up!

BETTY JANE. I will be dressed soon, Mother.

[*Betty Jane hops out of bed.*]

WIND AND CLOCK. [*Together.*] Good girl! Good girl!

—*Eleanor Hammond—Adapted.*



NELL AND HER BIRD

Good-bye, little birdie!
    Fly to the sky,
Singing and singing
    A merry good-bye.

Tell all the other birds,
    Flying above,
Nell, in the garden,
    Sends them her love.

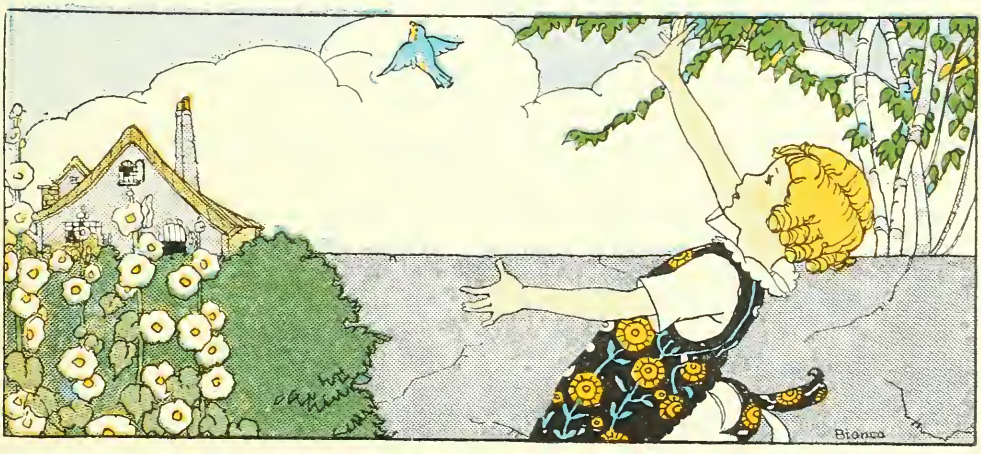
Tell how I found you,
    Hurt, in a tree;
Then, when they're wounded,
    They'll come right to me.

I'd like to go with you,
    If I could fly;
It must be so beautiful
    Up in the sky!

Why, little birdie,
    Why don't you go?
You sit on my finger
    And shake your head, "No."

He's off! Oh, how quickly
    And gladly he rose!
I know he will love me
    Wherever he goes.

—*Mary Mapes Dodge.*



POOR MARY JANE

I

It was the morning of Dorothy's fifth birthday, and she was holding her new doll in her arms. It was a big rag doll with yarn hair and a blue dress.

"Nice baby! Dear baby!" said Dorothy.

Dorothy's mother was watching the little girl. "What will you name her, dear?" she asked.

"Mary Jane," said Dorothy, looking up with shining eyes. And Mary Jane was the doll's name from that moment.

Dorothy put Mary Jane to bed every night. And when she had a tea party for the dolls, she always gave Mary Jane the best seat.

All the toys in the play-room knew that Dorothy loved Mary Jane more than anything else she had. Everyone in Dorothy's family knew that she loved Mary Jane best, for she played with the rag doll more than with all her other toys.

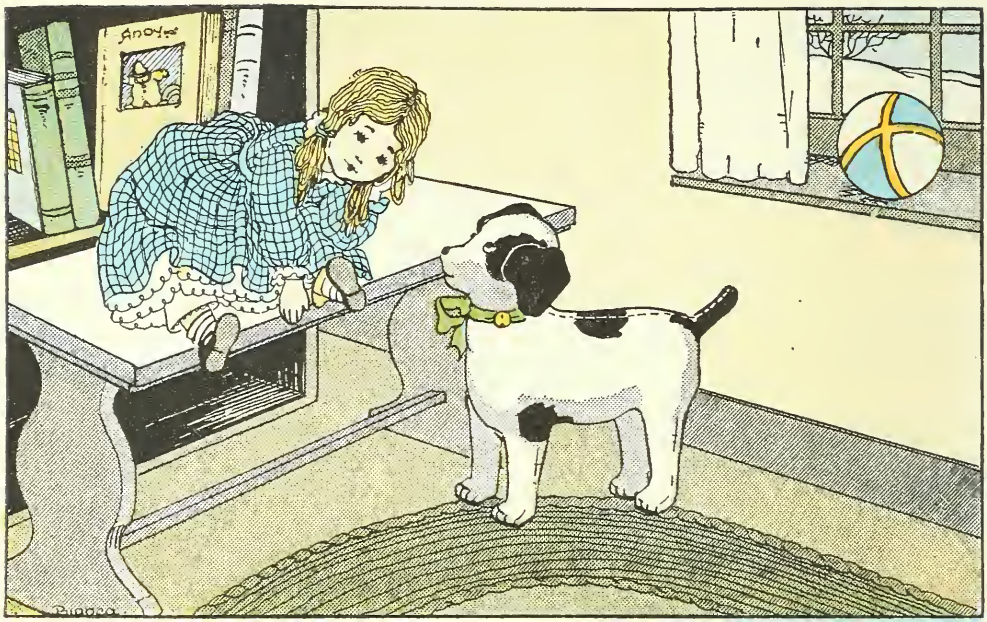
When a beautiful mama doll came to live with Dorothy, Father asked, "Which doll do you like best?"

Dorothy answered, "Why, my Mary Jane, of course."

II

After a while a cloth dog came to live in the play-room. Dorothy was very fond of him, too, and she named him Tony.

Soon Tony and Mary Jane were great friends, and they had long talks together when there was no one in the play-room.



The day before Dorothy's next birthday Mary Jane was very sad. "Oh, Tony," she said, "tomorrow Dorothy will be six years old, and she is going to get a beautiful new doll. Then she will not love me any more."

"Don't be sad," said Tony. "Dorothy has a big mama doll now, but she loves you best of all."

"I can't help being sad," said Mary Jane. "The new doll will be so pretty that Dorothy will never love me again. Besides, she

didn't know that she was going to get the mama doll, but she asked her mother for this doll."

"Maybe she did not ask for it, Mary Jane. Perhaps you are wrong," said Tony, trying to comfort poor Mary Jane, who seemed heart-broken.

"Yes, she did, Tony. I heard her. She said something worse than that. It hurts me so that I can't bear to tell you."

"Oh, please tell me, Mary Jane," said Tony. "Maybe I can help you. What else did you hear?"

It was some time before Mary Jane could stop her tears and say, "See how straight my hair is! Dorothy asked for a doll with curls."

III

Tony had never thought of anything as bad as that. He was not surprised that Mary Jane felt sad. At once he tried to make some plan to help her.

After a moment he said, "Let's curl your hair, Mary Jane."

"It is kind of you to think of that, Tony, but it never could be done. My hair is only yarn. Dorothy wants a doll with real hair that curls. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! What shall I do?" Poor Mary Jane began to cry again, harder than ever.

"I haven't told you," said Tony, "but I have troubles, too."

"You, Tony! Why?" asked Mary Jane in surprise, forgetting for a moment how sad she felt.

"Well," said Tony, "just a few days ago Dorothy's father said to her, 'How would you like to have a real dog to play with, Dorothy?' "

"And what did Dorothy say?" asked Mary Jane.

"She said, 'Oh, Father, will you get me one, please?' Her father smiled and said, 'Well, you will soon be old enough to have

a puppy of your own.' So, you see, I have troubles, too."

"We have been so happy here," said Mary Jane, sadly.

"Do you want to know what I think we should do?" asked Tony.

"Yes, yes!" answered Mary Jane.

Tony said, "Tomorrow is Dorothy's birthday, and she may get the new doll and the real dog. We should run away before they come. Won't that be better than to stay here? Dorothy will never love us after she gets the new things."

Mary Jane said, "I'll go with you, Tony. Perhaps we can find a little girl who has no dog or doll at all. Oh, let us hurry as fast as we can!"

IV

Mary Jane put on her little coat and her hat. Tony took the blanket that Dorothy always wrapped him in at night. Then they were ready to run away.

"How shall we get out of the house?" asked Mary Jane. "Dorothy is fast asleep, but her mother and father are still in the living room. They will see us if we go down the stairs."

"Why can't we jump out of the back window?" said Tony.

"I believe we can," answered Mary Jane. "We can go along the road, and no one will see us."

They hurried to the back window and looked out. Tony said, "It isn't far to the ground. I'll go first."

He jumped and landed in the soft snow. When Mary Jane saw that Tony was safe, she came flying after him.

"Now let us hurry," said Tony. They tried to run, but they found that the snow was so deep they could hardly move.

"We aren't any farther from the house, and I'm getting tired," said Mary Jane in a few minutes.

"So am I," said Tony. "Are you cold, Mary Jane?"

"No, I'm not cold, but the snow is so deep that I cannot walk."

"Well, we can sleep here by the steps till the milk-man comes early in the morning," said Tony. "We can follow the path he makes and get away before people are up. Then we shan't meet anyone."

"All right, let us do that," said Mary Jane, who was very tired and sleepy.

Tony wrapped his warm blanket around them, and he and Mary Jane went to sleep by the steps.

V

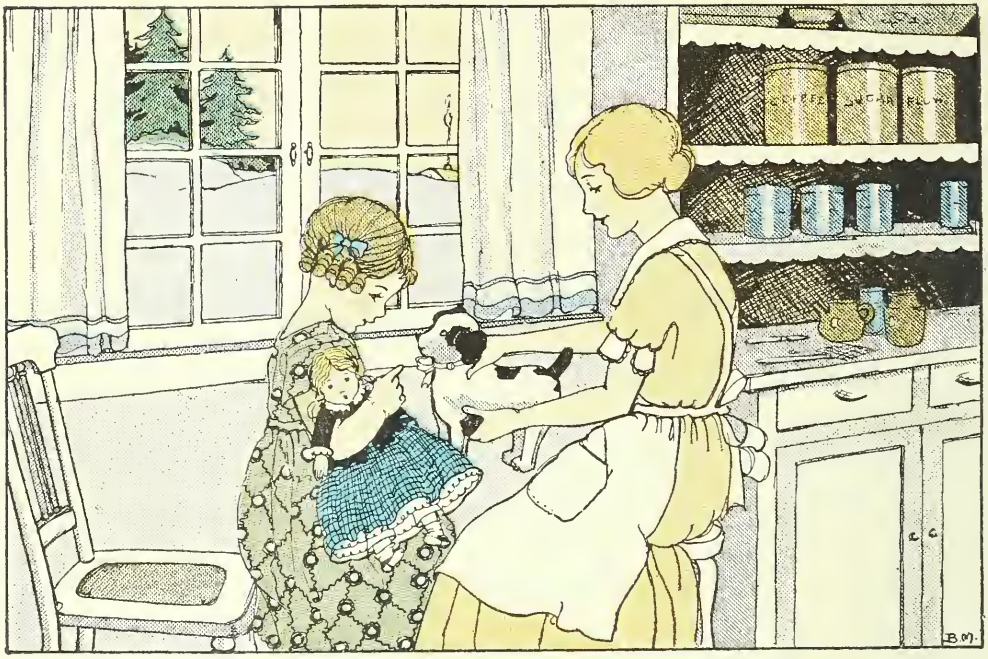
They were sleeping so well that they never heard the milk-man come. They didn't even hear Dorothy run down-stairs to look at her new doll that had real curls.

When Dorothy went upstairs to waken Mary Jane and Tony, and show them her new doll, she could not find them. She called, "Mother, Mother! I can't find Mary Jane and Tony! Where are they?"

Dorothy and Mother and Father looked all over the house for Mary Jane and Tony. But of course they were not found, and Dorothy was very sad.

By and by the maid went out to get the milk, and she saw the rag doll and the cloth dog by the steps, sound asleep. When she took them inside the house, they were still sleeping.

The first thing they knew, Dorothy was saying, as she hugged them tight, "Oh, my dear, dear Mary Jane and Tony! How did



you get out in the snow? I was so sad when I could not find you. Mary Jane, I love you more than my new doll with curls.

"And Tony dear, I love you more than I shall ever love the real dog I'm going to get some day. Now come and look at my birthday presents."

"I wonder," said Dorothy's mother, "how Mary Jane and Tony ever got out there by the steps." But Mary Jane and Tony never could tell, and I'm sure that you and I never will.

—*Anne Gage.*

SILENT READING REVIEW STORY

(For plan of using this lesson, see page 231.)

BILLY'S GARDEN*

I

One day Billy said, "What a fine garden you have, Mother! There are such pretty flowers in it, and so many good things to eat. May I have a garden, too?"

"Yes," answered his mother. "You may have a little garden of your own if you

*Adapted from "Billy Boy's Garden" in *Stories and Rhymes for a Child* by Carolyn S. Bailey, published by Milton Bradley Company. Used by special permission.

will take care of it. The sunny corner of the yard, near the fence, will be a fine place. Here are some seeds for you to plant."

Billy took the seeds and started off. As he went down the path, he saw a rake.

"Where are you going?" asked the rake.

Billy said, "I am going to the sunny corner of the yard, to make a garden."

"May I go with you?" said the rake.

"What can you do to help me?" asked the boy.

"I can take away the sticks and stones," answered the rake.

"Then you may come with me," said Billy.

What did Billy's mother have
in her garden?
Where did his mother say he could
make his garden?
What did the rake say it could
do to help Billy?

II

So the boy and the seeds and the rake went down the path together. Soon they saw a spade.

"Where are you going?" cried the spade.

"We are going to the sunny corner of the yard, near the fence, to make a garden." said Billy.

"May I go with you?" asked the spade.

"What can you do to help us?" said Billy.

"I can dig up the ground, and I can make holes for your seeds," answered the spade.

"Then you may come, too," said Billy.

So the little boy and the seeds and the rake and the spade went down the path together. Soon they saw a hoe.

"Where are you going?" asked the hoe.

Billy said, "We are all going to the sunny corner of the yard, near the fence, to make a garden."

"May I go with you?" said the hoe.

"What can you do to help us?" asked Billy.

The hoe answered, "I can keep the weeds away from your garden. The little plants cannot grow if there are weeds in the garden."

"Then you may come, too," said Billy.

So they all went down the path together. Soon they met a fat green toad.

"Where are you going?" asked the toad.

Billy said, "We are all going to the sunny corner of the yard, near the fence, to make a garden."

"May I go, too?" asked the toad.

"What can you do to help us?" asked the little boy.

"I can catch the bugs that would eat your plants," answered the toad, "and I can watch the garden for you at night."

"Then you may come, too," said Billy.

So the boy and the seeds and the rake and the spade and the hoe and the toad all went down the path together.

What did the spade say it could do to help Billy?

What could the hoe do to help?

What work could the toad do in the garden?

III

Soon they came to the sunny corner of the yard, by the fence. Then the rake and the spade and Billy all went to work to make a garden.

The rake took away all the sticks and the stones. The spade dug up the ground and made holes for the seeds.

Billy planted the seeds that his mother had given him. There were seeds of beets and carrots and beans, and some flower seeds, too.

In a few days the seeds began to grow. Little plants peeped up out of the ground. Then the hoe went to work. It kept all the weeds away.

The toad ate the bugs and watched the garden at night.

Every day that summer Billy worked in his garden. He saw the plants grow large and tall. Some of them had buds and then flowers.

And one day after a long time Billy took some fresh vegetables and some lovely flowers to his mother, and said, "These are from my own little garden."

—*Carolyn Sherwin Bailey.*

Tell how the garden was made.
What did Billy plant in it?
What did he take to his mother?
Tell the whole story.

HOW THE FLOWERS GROW

This is how the flowers grow;
I have watched them, and I know.

First, above the ground is seen
A tiny blade of purest green,
Reaching up and peeping forth
East and west, and south and north.

Then it shoots up day by day,
Growing in a curious way

Round a blossom, which it keeps
Warm and cozy while it sleeps.

Then the sunbeams find their way
To the sleeping bud and say,
"We are children of the sun,
Sent to wake thee, little one."

And the leaflet, opening wide,
Shows the tiny bud inside,
Peeping with half-opened eye
On the bright and sunny sky.

Breezes from the west and south
Lay their kisses on its mouth;
Till the petals all are grown,
And the bud's a flower blown.

This is how the flowers grow;
I have watched them and I know.

—*Gabriel Setoun.*

UP TO THE SKY AND BACK*

One day not long ago the Sun called his sunshine fairies together.

"Dear fairies," he said, "I shall need a great many clouds next week. Will you help make them?"

"Yes, yes," said the fairies, "we will help you. We are glad to help, because we are always happy when we are helping someone."

*From *Half a Hundred Stories* by Katherine Orr, published by Milton Bradley Company. Used by special permission.

The fairies had helped the Sun so many times that they knew just what to do.

Some of the little fairies went down into the country, and gathered dew in the fields and meadows. Then up they flew with the dewdrops.

The other fairies flew down to the brook, and took as many drops of water from it as they could carry. Away they flew to the Sun.

After a while the Sun said, "Dear little sunshine fairies, you have brought me so many drops of water that I have enough to make a great many clouds."

When the Sun had the clouds all ready, he said, "Now I wish the Wind were here. He would blow the clouds just where I want them to go."

Soon the Sun heard the Wind coming, and he said, "Will you help me? I have a great many clouds ready, and I want to send them to different places."

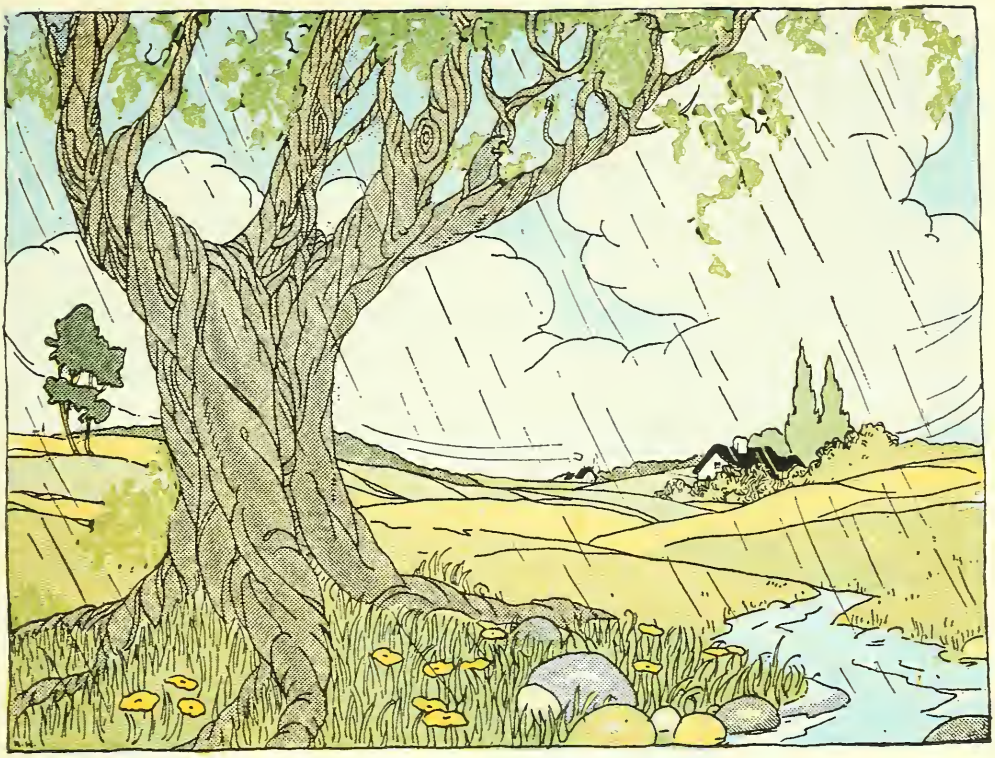
The Wind answered, "I shall be very glad to help you."

Then the Sun said, "Away over in the city the streets are very hot, and the trees want a drink. First, will you please take some of the clouds over to the city and give the trees a drink."

The Wind took some of the clouds and left them just above the city. Soon the raindrops were falling on the houses and the trees and the streets. Faster and faster they fell. How glad everything was to have a drink!

Then the Wind went back to the Sun and said, "Dear Sun, I have taken those clouds to the city. Where shall I take some of the others?"

The Sun answered, "The farmers in the country would like some rain to make the corn and the wheat and the grass grow. Please take these clouds over into the country."



The Wind blew very hard, and soon the clouds were over the fields. In a few minutes the raindrops were falling on the grass and the corn and the wheat.

So the little drops of water came back to the earth, where they had been before the fairies took them up to the Sun, who made them into clouds.

As the Sun looked down upon the earth, he saw a small brook that had just a little

water in it. Then he thought, "The fish in that brook need more water. I will send a cloud over there."

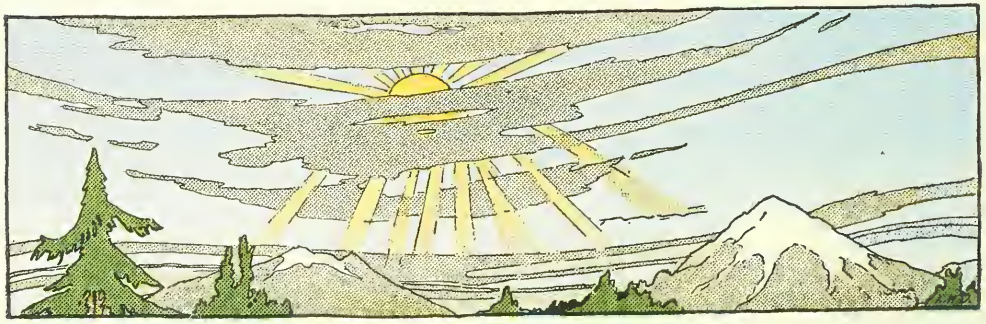
When the Wind came back, the Sun said, "Please blow some of the clouds over to the little brook."

The Wind did as he was asked to do, and the rain fell down into the brook, until the fish had plenty of water.

So, you see, the little drops of water went up to the sky and came back again.

We have to thank the Sun, the sunshine fairies, and the Wind for giving us a drink, and for giving a drink to everything else on earth.

—*Katherine Orr.*



LITTLE WHITE LILY

Little white lily
    Sat by a stone,
Drooping and waiting
    Till the sun shone.

Little white lily
    Sunshine has fed;
Little white lily
    Is lifting her head.

Little white lily
    Is drooping with pain,
Waiting and waiting
    For the wet rain.

Little white lily
    Is holding her cup;
Rain is fast falling
    And filling it up.

—George Macdonald.

FIVE PEAS IN A POD

I

Once there were five peas in one pod. The peas were green and the pod was green, and so they thought that the whole world was green.

The sun shone on the pod, and made it warm. The rain fell on the vine, and the peas grew bigger and bigger.

One bright day one of the peas said, "Are we going to be here always? I am getting very tired of sitting here so long. It seems to me that there must be more room outside."

After a while the peas turned yellow, and the pod turned yellow, too.

"All the world is turning yellow!" cried the peas. "How queer this is!"

Then they felt a pull. The pod was torn from the vine and put into a boy's pocket. But the peas did not know that it was a pocket, because they had never seen one before.

"What do you think will happen next?" said one of the peas.

Just then, crack! went the shell, and the five peas rolled out into the bright sunlight. The little boy was holding the peas in his hand. He rolled them over, and looked at them carefully.

"These will be fine for my pea-shooter," he said.

Then one of the peas felt itself shot away up into the air. "Now I am flying into the wide world," it called back to the others. "Catch me if you can." In a minute it was gone.

"I shall fly straight to the sun," said the second pea, as it was shot away.

"Let us roll around and find a place to sleep," said two others as they dropped from the pea-shooter.

The last pea flew up against the window of a house and then dropped into a little crack filled with earth and moss. It could not get out.

"I do not like to be hidden away here," said the pea. "It is more fun to fly."

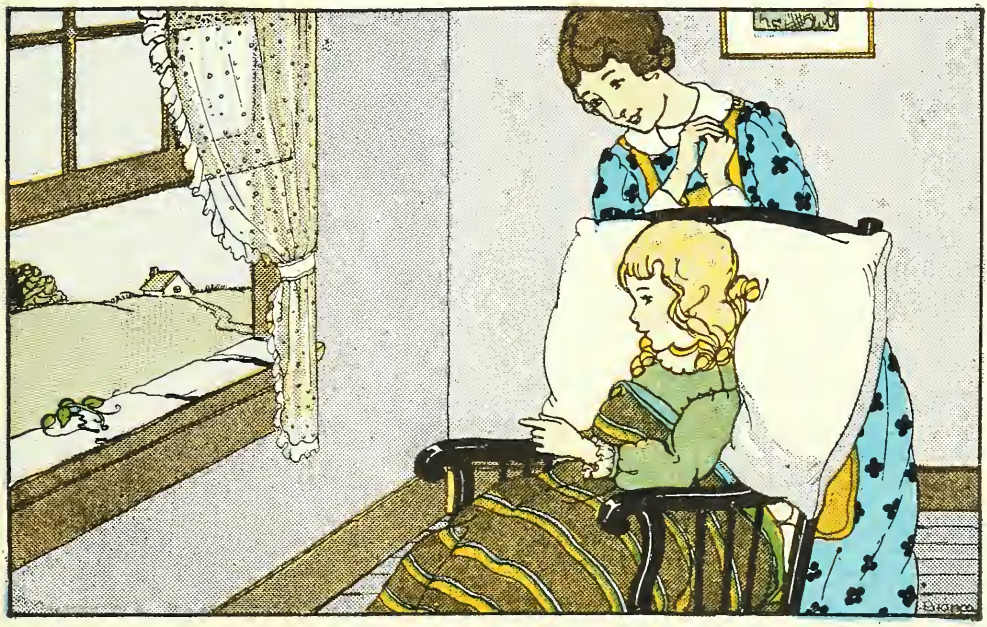
One day in the fall, a cold wind came, and then the little pea was glad that it had a warm place to sleep in. It slept under the moss, and close to the house, all winter.

II

In the house there lived a little girl with her aunt. The little girl had been sick all winter long, while the pea had been asleep.

The aunt was very poor and she had to work hard every day so that she might buy food that would make the little girl well and strong again.

How glad they were when spring came, and the warm sun shone in through the little girl's window! The aunt pushed the child's



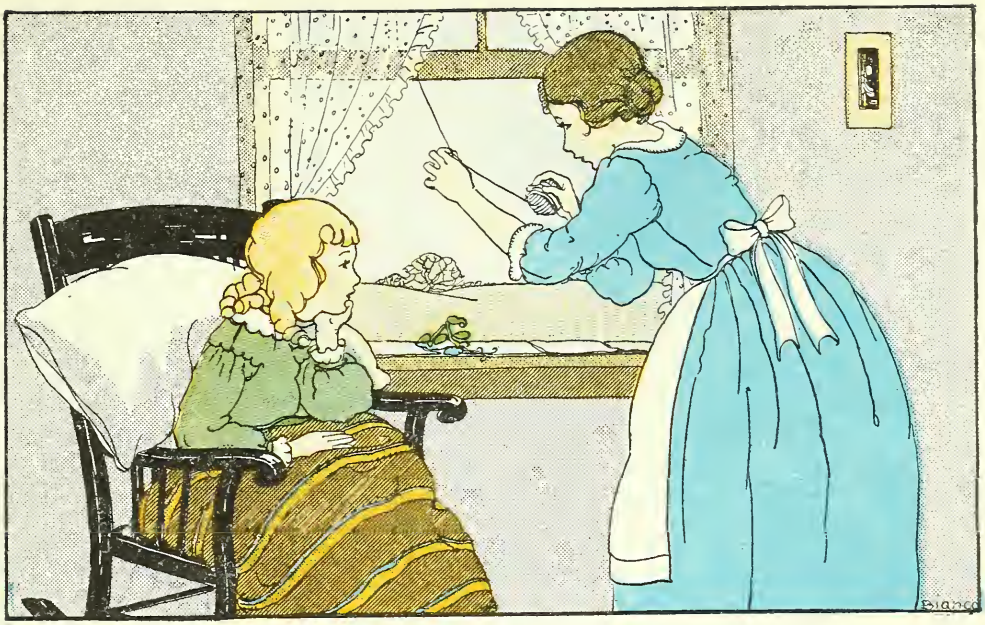
chair up close to the window, so that she could be in the sun.

"Oh, Aunty," cried the little girl, "look here! What is this little green thing that peeps in at the window?"

The aunt went to the window and looked out. "Why," she said, "it is a little pea that is growing in a crack and is putting out leaflets. I wonder how it got here. I will give it some water, and you can have a little garden to look at right here in your window."

All day the little girl sat watching the pea-vine. It was so bright and green that it seemed to say, "The warm sun will make you grow, too." That night the little girl felt much better, and this made her aunt very happy.

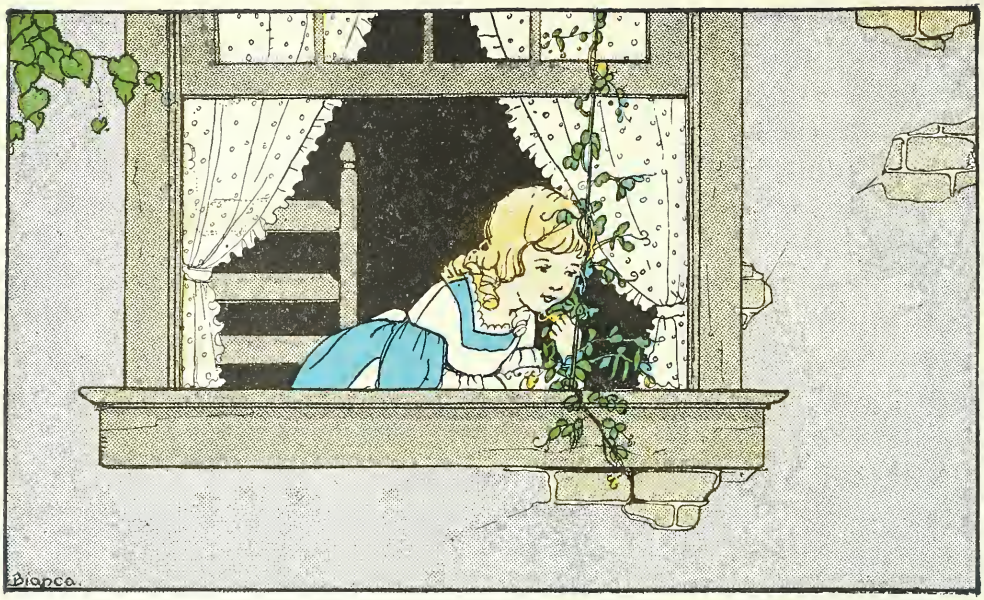
The next morning the aunt tied a string to the window so that the little vine could grow around it. She gave the plant some more water, too.



Every day the little girl watched the plant as it climbed higher and higher. She was sure that she could see it grow! Then one day there was a tiny bud. The little girl watched it grow until it was a beautiful white flower.

All this time the little girl had been growing stronger and stronger, while the pea-vine had been growing taller.

One morning the little girl found that she could walk again, and her first steps were from her bed to the window.



She put her face down to the little flower and kissed it. "Dear little pea," she said, "you made me well."

"I am glad I was shot up here where I could grow," thought the pea-vine. "This is better than flying."

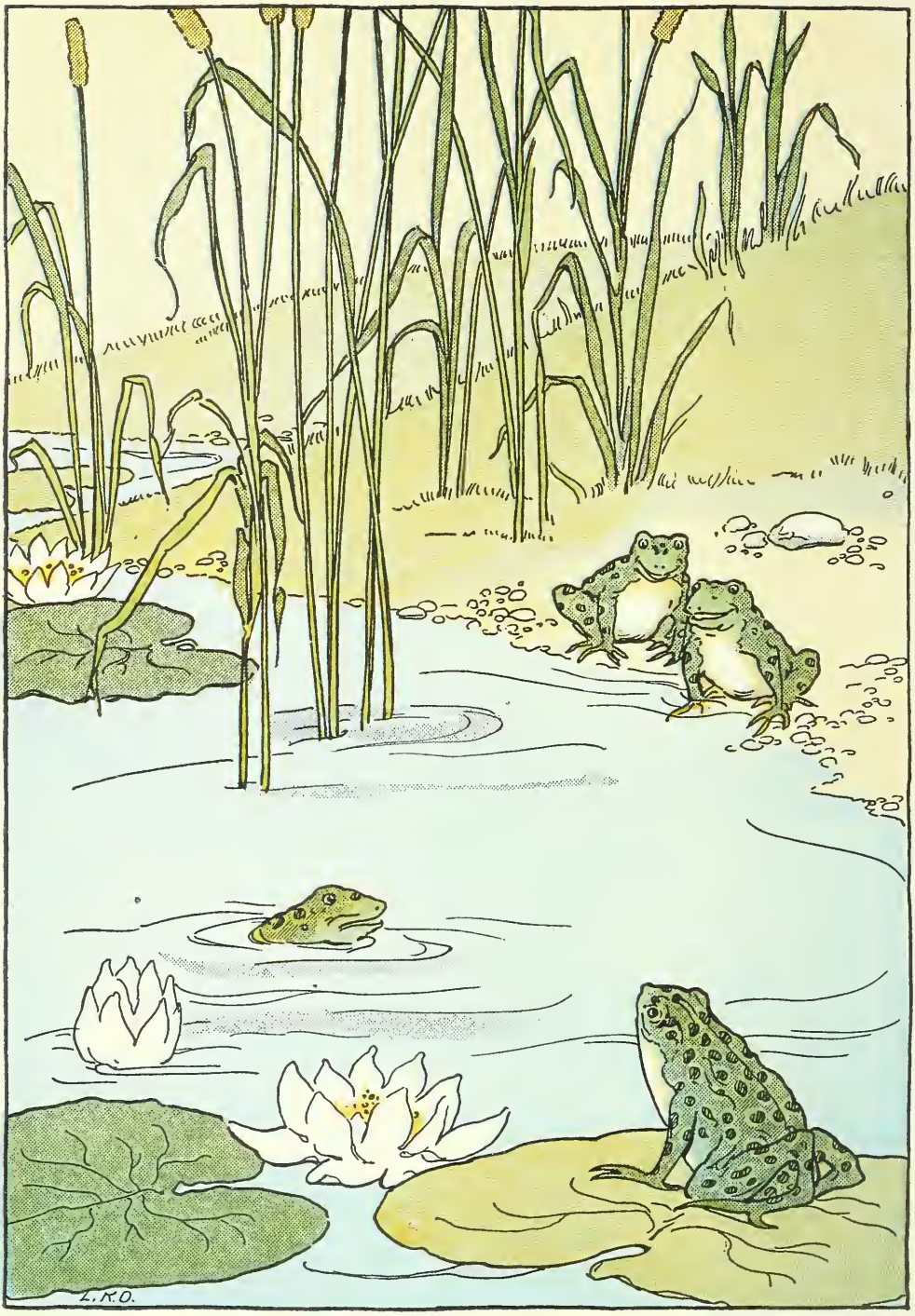
—*Hans Christian Andersen.*

THE ROBIN

When father takes his spade to dig,
  Then robin comes along.
He sits upon a little twig,
  And sings a little song.

Or, if the trees are very far,
  He does not stay alone,
But comes up close to where we are,
  And bobs upon a stone.

—*Laurence Alma-Tadema.*


L.R.O.

THE LITTLE FROG THAT DID NOT MIND

One summer day four little frogs were playing in the edge of a pond.

"Let us swim to the other side of the pond," said one of the little frogs.

"Very-deep! Very-deep! Very-deep!" called a big frog from the pond.

"Better-go-round! Better-go-round! Better-go-round!" cried another big frog, who was on the bank.

Three of the little frogs swam quickly to the bank, but one little frog stayed in the pond.

"Who's—afraid? Who's—afraid? Who's—afraid?" he called back to the big frogs.

The little frog started off bravely to swim to the other side of the pond. He swam and swam.

All at once he stopped swimming. He could not go on, because his foot was caught

in some weeds. He tried and tried, but he could not get away.

Then he called, "Help—me—out! Help—me—out! Help—me—out!"

The three little frogs and the two big frogs heard him calling.

The little frogs cried out, "Oh—he'll—die! Oh—he'll—die! Oh—he'll—die!"

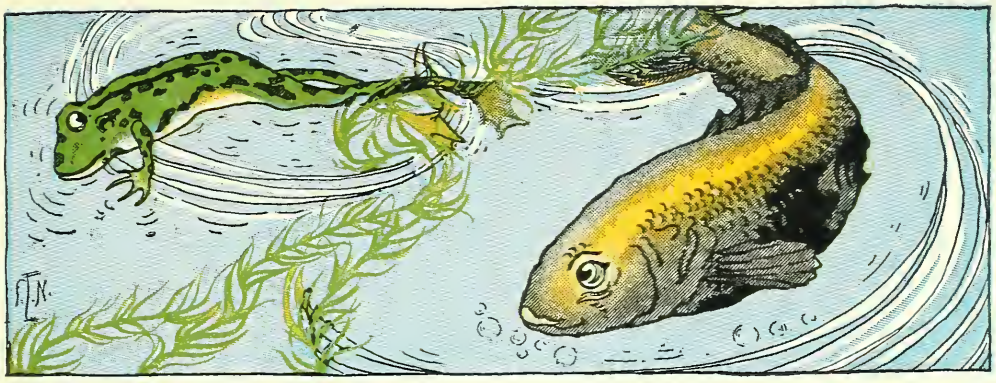
The big frogs said, "Oh—he'll—drown! Oh—he'll—drown! Oh—he'll—drown!"

The little frogs called, in their thin, squeaky voices, "Help! Help! Help!"

The big frogs said in their big, deep voices, "Help! Help! Help!"

Soon a fish swam by, and saw that the little frog was caught in the weeds. So the fish called to the frogs on the bank, "Help—him—out! Help—him—out! Help—him—out!"

But all that the little frogs did was to cry in their thin, squeaky voices, "Oh—he'll—die! Oh—he'll—die! Oh—he'll—die!"



All that the big frogs did was to say in their big, deep voices, "Oh—he'll—drown! Oh—he'll—drown! Oh—he'll—drown!"

The fish swam back to the little frog, and swam all around him. When he saw that the frog was caught in the weeds, he broke the weeds with his tail.

The little frog was free! As he swam away, he called, "Thank—you—sir! Thank—you—sir! Thank—you—sir!" Then he swam quickly to the bank.

And ever since that day he says, "Kerchug! Kerchug! Kerchug! Now—I'll—mind! Now—I'll—mind! Now—I'll—mind!"

—*Jane L. Hoxie.*

WHY LITTLE CRICKET SANG

I

There was once a young cricket who lived under a stone. The stone was on the side of a hill, and at the foot of the hill there was a town.

The cricket lived all by himself on the hill, and he was very lonely.

"Why should I live on this hill?" he said to himself. "Only cows come here, and they do not talk to me. I might as well not be here. If I lived in town, where there are many people, I am sure that I should have a fine time."

So one morning he set out for the town at the foot of the hill. Hippity-hop, hippity-hop, he went, down the hill. Soon he met a grasshopper.

"Where are you going so fast?" asked the grasshopper.

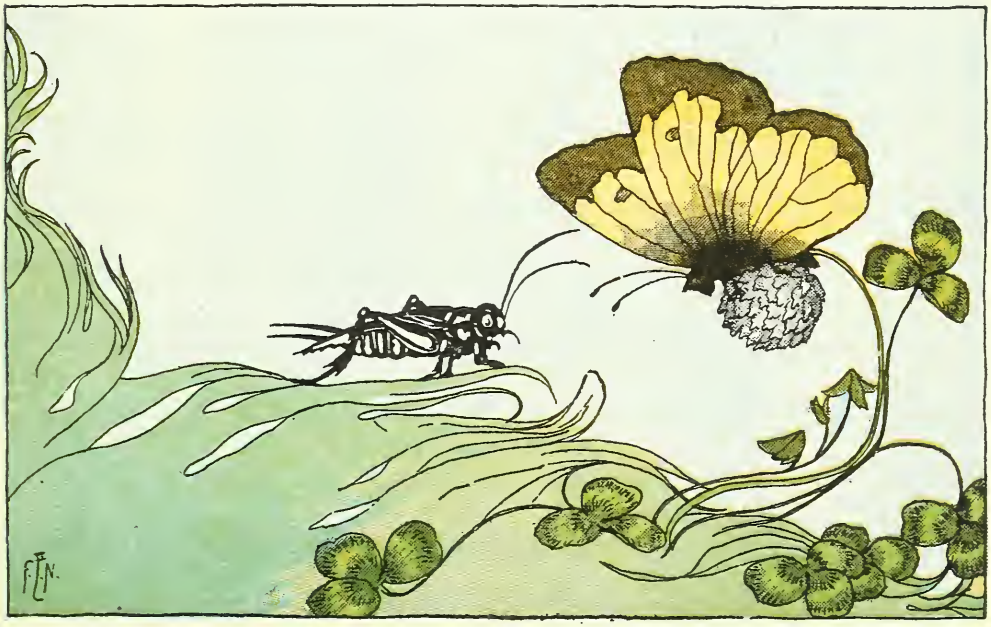
"I'm going to the town," answered the

cricket. "I cannot have any fun on this hill."

"You should stay here," said the grasshopper. "You can be just as happy in your home on the hill as anywhere. You will be contented when you learn to sing."

But the little cricket thought that he knew better, and so on he went, hippity-hop, hippity-hop, down the hill.

In a little while a butterfly came flying along. He saw the young cricket, and stopped to talk to him.



"Where are you going so fast?" asked the butterfly.

"I'm going to the town," answered the little cricket. "I cannot have any fun on the hill."

"You should stay here," said the butterfly. "You can be happy and contented here if you will learn to sing."

But the cricket just laughed at her, and went on, hippity-hop, hippity-hop, down the hill.

"Where are you going, little cricket?" asked a gray rabbit, looking out from his hole under a tree.

"I'm going to the town," answered the little cricket. "I cannot have any fun on the hill."

"You will be sorry if you go away," said the gray rabbit. "You can be just as happy here."

The cricket laughed again, and went on, hippity-hop, hippity-hop, down the hill.

II

After a while it began to grow dark, and still the cricket had not reached the town. Soon he came to a tree, where a little owl was sitting.

"Whoo, whoo!" called the little owl.

"It is I," said the cricket.

"Where are you going?" asked the owl.

"I'm going to the town," answered the little cricket.

"Stay here! Stay here!" said the owl. "Sing! Sing!"

But the cricket started on, hippity-hop, hippity-hop.

Just then a very old cricket came along. He told the little cricket not to go to the town.

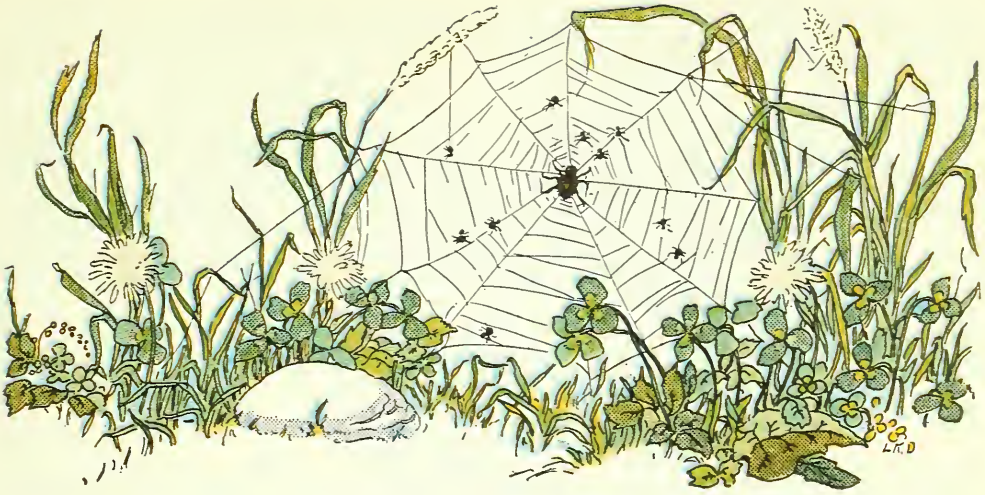
"You will not be happy there," he said. "I know, because I have been there. It is much better to stay here where you can cheer others by singing."

And at once the old cricket began to sing.

He was so happy that the young cricket grew happy, too, and tried to sing. Soon he learned how to sing. Then he and the old cricket went back up the hill together, to the little cricket's home. They sang as they went.

After that the young cricket sang every day. He said, "If you are not happy, just sing. When you sing, others will sing, too. Then you will be happy and contented at home."

—*Blanche Elizabeth Wade.*



THE SPIDERS

Over in the meadow,
In a sly little den,
Lived a gray mother-spider
And her little spiders ten.

"Spin!" said the mother.
"We spin," said the ten.
So they spun lace webs
In their sly little den.

—*Olive A. Wadsworth.*

THE TURKEY'S NEST

I

One day an old turkey hen went out to find a place for her nest. She went a long way and took a long time to find a good place. When she found it, she said,

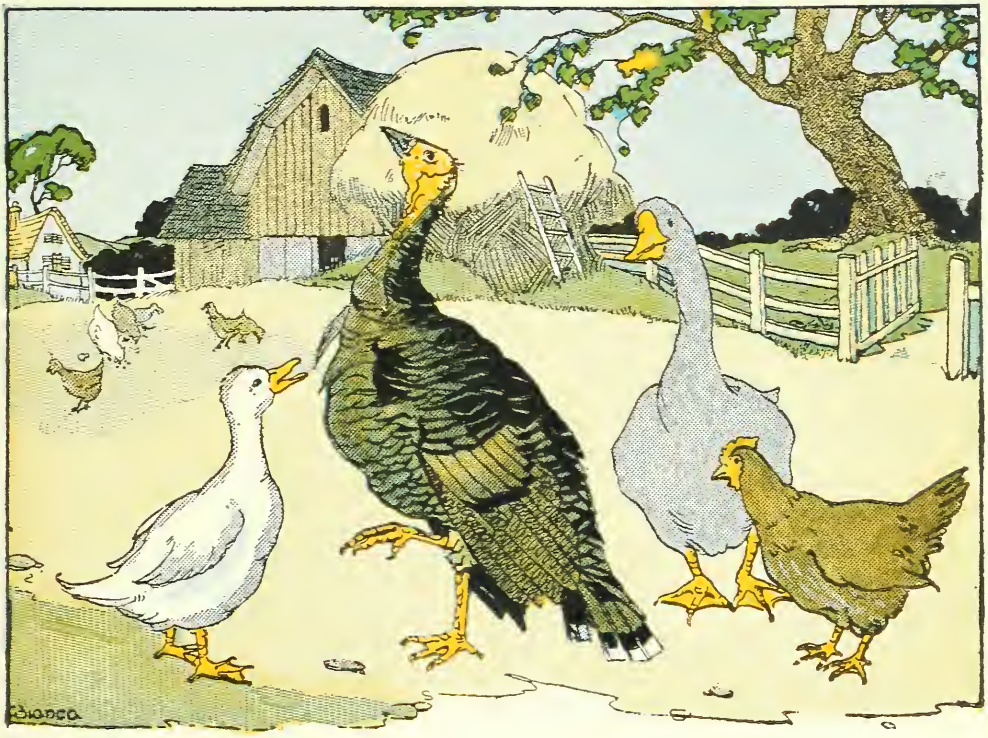
"They may go to the East, and go to the West,
But they'll never be able to find my nest."

She walked all the way home with her head high in the air.

When she reached the barnyard, she heard her friends talking about her. Gray Goose and White Duck and Brown Hen were all there.

Gray Goose said to her, "Where did you make your nest?"

"Guess," said Mrs. Turkey.



Gray Goose said, "When I make my nest I go near the water. That is the best place. So I will guess that you made your nest near the goose pond."

White Duck said, "You are right, Gray Goose. The pond is the best place for a nest."

Brown Hen said, "I do not like the pond. I'll guess you made it under that big pile of hay."

But Mrs. Turkey just laughed and said,

"Though you do your very best,
You'll never guess where I made my nest."

What did the turkey do first?
What did she ask her friends to guess?
What did Gray Goose guess?
What did White Duck guess?
What did Brown Hen guess?

II

One day Mother saw the turkey, and she said, "That old turkey has made a nest somewhere."

"Then I'll find it," said Ned.

"Then I'll find it," said little Bob.

"She cannot hide her nest from me," said Billy.

First, Ned went down to the meadow and looked in the grass and the hay.

But though he did his very best,
He could not find the turkey's nest.

Then Billy went to the pond and saw Gray Goose and White Duck taking a swim.

But though he did his very best,
He could not find the turkey's nest.

Little Bob looked near home. He looked under the barn and out by the pile of hay.

But though he did his very best,
He could not find the turkey's nest.

Billy and Ned and little Bob went into the house and told Mother that they could not find the nest.

What did Mother say about the turkey?

Tell where Ned thought the nest was.

Where did Billy go when he was looking for the nest?

Where did Bob look for the nest?

III

Then Mother said she would look for the nest. She thought that she would watch the turkey and follow her. So after a while Mother went to the woods and sat under a tree.

By and by Mrs. Turkey came along. She saw Mother, and Mother saw her. Mrs. Turkey walked round and round and then went down the road.

Mother followed her, and this is what she saw:

The turkey went up and down the hill,
And through the fields and by the mill,
And down across the meadow brook;
Many and many a turn she took.
She went to the East and she went to the West,
But she never went near her hidden nest.

Mother followed Mrs. Turkey until she was very tired. Then she said, "I'll give up." And she went home saying,

"I have done my very best,
But I cannot find that turkey's nest."

How did Mother hunt for the nest?

Where did the turkey go when Mother was hunting?

How did Mother feel after she followed Mrs. Turkey?

IV

At last Father said that he would try to find the turkey's nest. One morning he started out to find the nest.

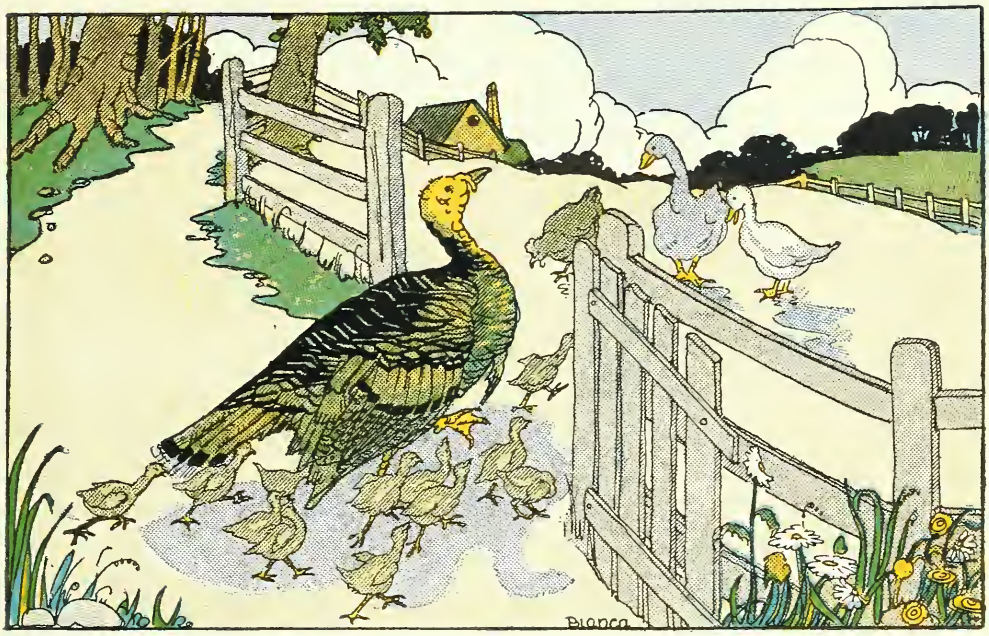
He went to all the far places and all the hard places. He hunted in the high places and the low places, and in the places nobody else had thought of. He was gone a long, long time.

When the children saw him coming back, they all ran to meet him. He called out to them,

"I have done my very best,
But I cannot find that turkey's nest."

The next morning Mrs. Turkey walked into the barnyard. Twelve little turkeys were with her.

"Look at my children," she said to Gray Goose and White Duck and Brown Hen. "I hatched them out in my nest down in the corner of the field, by the old fence."



She looked very happy as she said:

"You see I did my very best,
In the hidden place I made my nest."

—Maud Lindsay—Adapted.

How long did Father hunt for the nest?

What did the turkey bring to the barnyard the next morning?

Where had she made her nest?

LKD

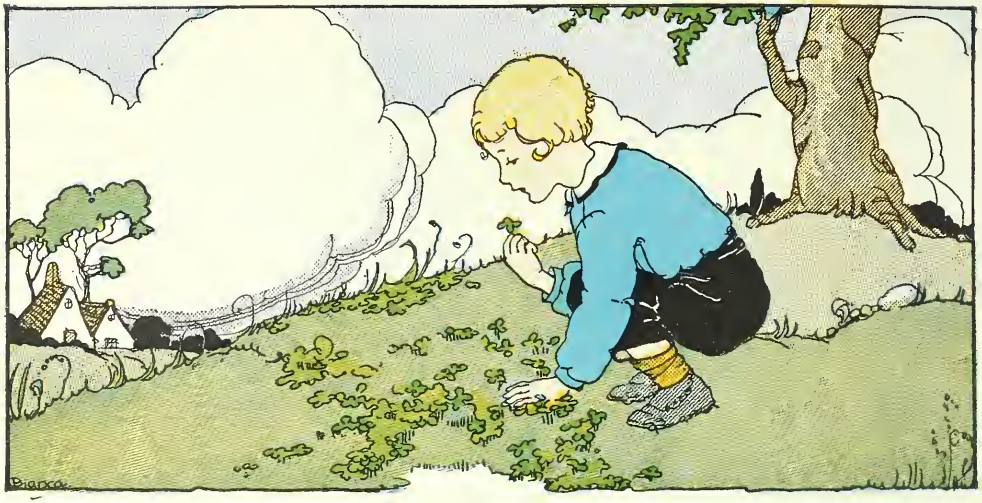
CLOVERS

Darling little clover,
With your leaflets three,
You must stand for father,
For mother, and for me.

You are clover three-leaves;
Now I'll pick another—
Here's an extra leaflet!
That's my baby brother.

Anyone who finds you
Wins good luck, they say;
Baby is the best luck
That ever came my way.

—*Kate L. Brown.*



THE STORY OF LUCK AND PLUCK

I

Jimmie was a boy who wanted a garden. One day when he was playing in a clover field, he found a four-leaf clover.

"Now," he thought, "perhaps I shall have a garden. I have found a four-leaf clover, and that means good luck. I wish that a garden would grow right here instead of the clover."

But days and days went by, and he did not get his wish. No garden came up. Nothing bloomed but red and white clover.

"I might have better luck," said Jimmie, "if I found more four-leaf clovers."

So he began to hunt for four-leaf clovers. He looked and looked, but all he could find was a five-leaf clover. And hiding under it was a wee little gray man.

"How do you do?" said the wee man. "Do you know what a five-leaf clover means?"

"Why, yes," answered Jimmie. "Four-leaf clovers mean good luck, and five-leaf clovers mean bad luck."

"Oh," said the wee gray man, "you don't understand, I see. Is that all you know about them?"

Jimmie said, "When I found the four-leaf clover I thought I should be lucky and that my wish would come true. Now I have just found a five-leaf clover, and I've heard that brings bad luck."

"You do not know at all what clovers mean," said the wee gray man. "But I will tell you, if you wish me to."

"Please tell me," said the little boy.

"Well," said the wee man, "the four-leaf clover means that wishing will not make your wish come true. The five-leaf clover means that you will get what you want if you work hard for it. If you want anything very, very much, you must work for it. What do you want most?"

"I want to have a garden," answered Jimmie.

"Have you dug in the earth?" asked the wee little gray man.

"No," said the boy.

"Have you planted seeds and taken care of the little plants?" said the man.

"No," answered Jimmie.

"Then luck will not give you a garden, and how can your wish come true?" asked the wee man.

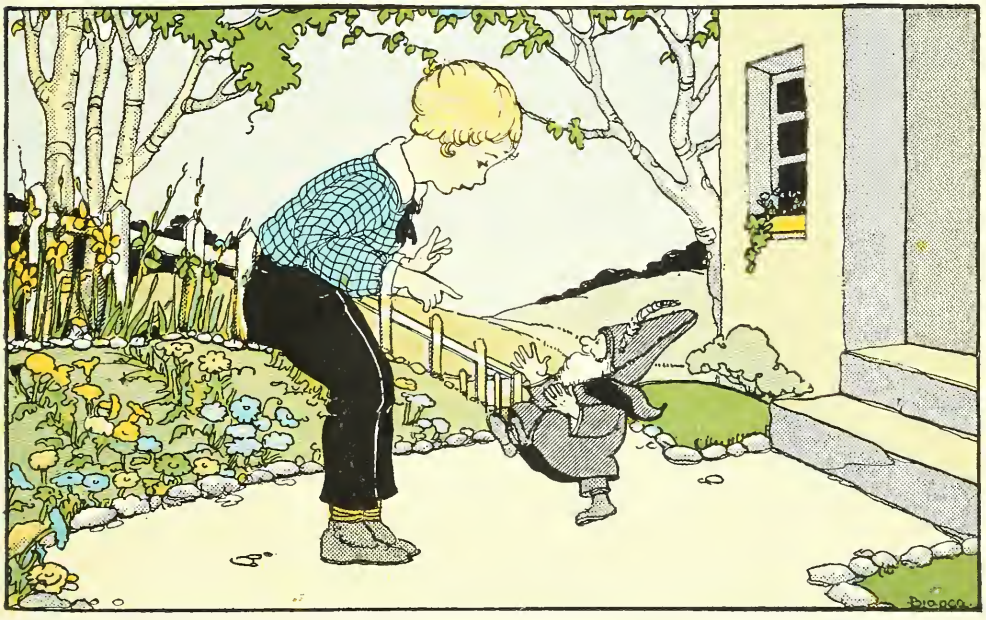
"I never thought about that," said the boy. "I will go and make a garden at once."

II

So Jimmie made a little garden. He dug in the earth and planted the seeds, and when the little plants came up, he took care of them. He pulled up the weeds, and watered the plants. He watched every tiny bud and flower. By and by he had a fine garden.

"Hurrah!" he said. "At last I have my wish! How lucky I am!"

Then beside him he saw the wee gray man. He was dancing up and down the garden walk.



"Oh, there you are!" said Jimmie. "You helped me long ago. If it had not been for you, I should still be wishing for my garden. Who are you?"

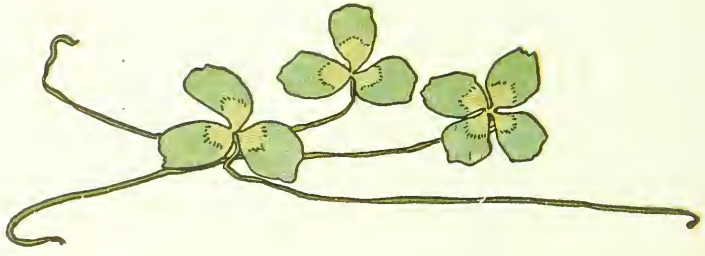
The wee gray man smiled. "My name is Pluck," he said. "Some people call me Luck, but there is no such person.

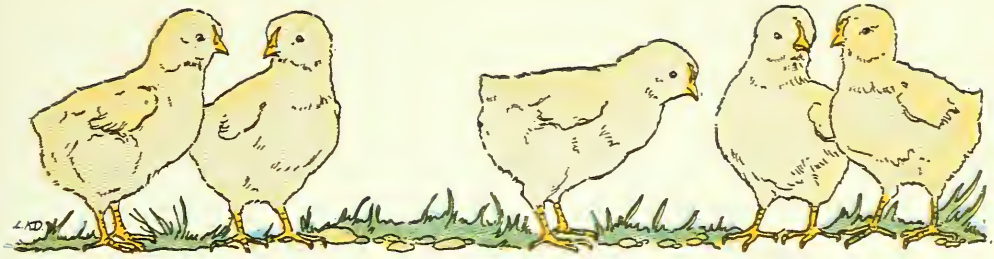
"I am the fairy of green clovers. I am the fairy, too, of the wishes that are made by the people who find the clovers.

"Don't forget this: Wishing alone will not give you what you want. You must work for what you want.

"You can't get what you wish by Luck,
But it will come by Work and Pluck!"

—Patten Beard—Adapted.





FIVE LITTLE CHICKENS

Said the first little chicken,
With a queer little squirm,
"Oh, I wish I could find
A fat little worm!"

Said the next little chicken,
With an odd little shrug,
"Oh, I wish I could find
A good little bug!"

Said the third little chicken,
With a sharp little squeal,
"Oh, I wish I could find
Some nice yellow meal!"

Said the fourth little chicken,
With a shake of his head,

"Oh, I wish I could find
A small crumb of bread!"

Said the fifth little chicken,
As she looked all around,
"Oh, I wish I could find
Any food on the ground!"

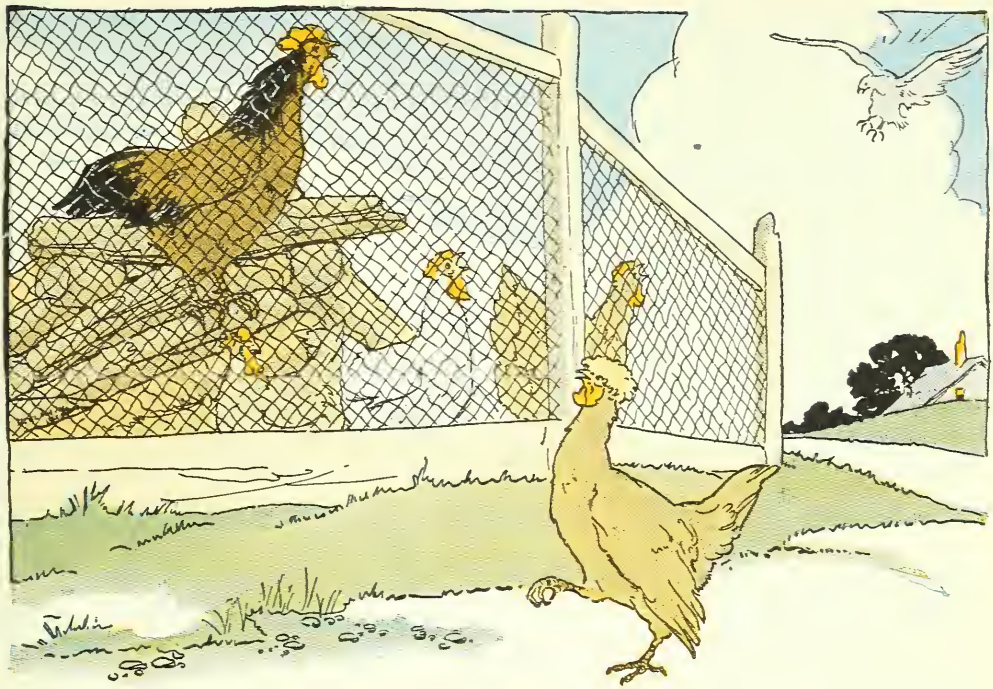
"Now, see here," said the mother,
From the green garden patch;
"If you want any breakfast,
You must come and scratch."

—*Old Verse.*

THE COCK AND THE HEN

There was once a little hen who had a top-knot of feathers on her head. She was very proud of her top-knot, and thought that she was too beautiful to live with the other hens in the barnyard.

"The other hens look so plain," she said.



"See my fancy top-knot and bright feathers. I shall fly over the fence and march around where people can see me."

The old cock who took care of the hens shook his red comb and said, "Stay here, do. I cannot take care of you out there. Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

"Over the fence I go," said the little hen. All the other hens shook their feathers and said, "Come back! Come back! Do."

But the little hen was already outside

the fence. She walked off, saying, "Cluck, cluck, cluck! I'll never come back! I'll never come back!"

A big hawk saw the proud little hen all alone, and so he flew down and caught her. The cock, who saw the hawk, flew to the top of the barn and began to crow with all his might. All the hens cackled as if they would never stop.

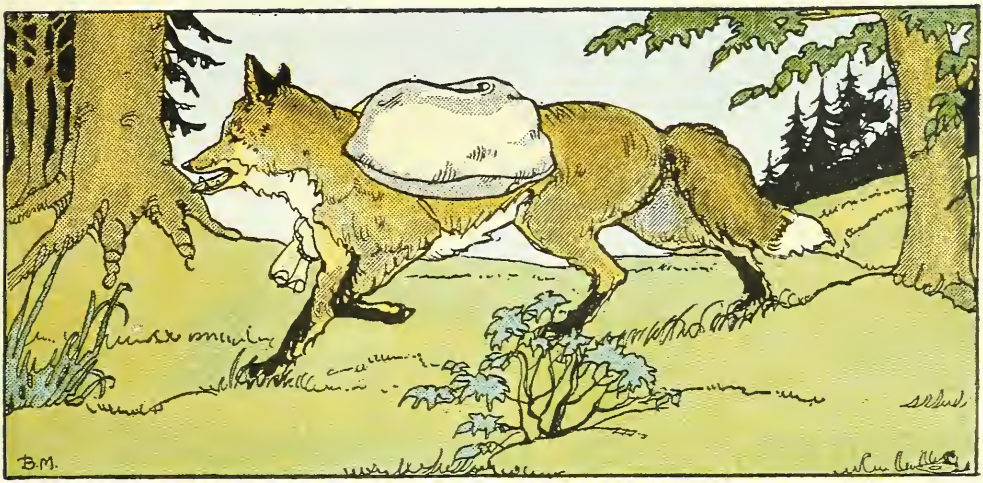
The farmer heard the noise in the barnyard, and he and his sons came running. They frightened the hawk so much that he dropped the little hen. But he had pulled out her finest feathers, and not a bit of her beautiful top-knot did she have left.

She crept under the barnyard fence and cried, "See how I look! See how I look!"

"Just right! Just right!" cried the other hens.

"Cock-a-doodle-doo! I told you so," said the cock from the top of the barnyard fence.

—Old Tale.



THE FOX THAT TRAVELED

One day a fox took a large bag on his back and started out to see the world.

Soon he saw a bee, which he caught and put into the bag. Then he went on until he came to a little white house. He knocked at the door, and a woman opened it.

"Good morning," said the fox to the woman. "I am traveling to see the world. May I leave this bag with you while I go to the meadow?"

"Yes," said the woman, "I will take care of it for you."

"Be sure that you do not open it," said the fox, as he started off.

But before the fox was out of sight, the woman thought she would take just a little peep into the bag. She opened it, and out flew the bee. A hen saw the bee, and ran after it, but the bee flew far, far away.

In a little while the fox came back. He asked for the bag, and then he looked into it, but he saw nothing there. "Where is my bee?" he asked.

"Oh," answered the woman, "I opened the bag just a little to peep into it, and the bee flew out. My hen ran after it, and it flew away."

The fox said, "Then I will take your hen."

He put the hen into the bag and went down the road. Soon he came to a big brown house. A woman was standing at the door.

"Good morning," said the fox. "I am traveling to see the world. May I leave this bag with you while I go to the meadow?"

"Oh, yes," said the woman. "I will take care of it for you."

"Do not open it," said the fox, as he went away.

But in a few minutes the woman thought she would take just a little peep into the bag. When she opened it, the hen flew out. A pig saw the hen, and ran after her, but she hurried home.

After a while the fox came back. He asked for the bag and looked into it, but he saw nothing there. "Where is my hen?" he asked.

The woman said, "I opened the bag to take just a little peep, and the hen flew out. The pig ran after her, and she ran home."

"I must have your pig, then," said the fox. He put the pig into the bag, and away he went, down the road. Soon he came to a gray house, and when he knocked, a woman came to the door.

"Good morning," said the fox. "I am traveling to see the world. May I leave this bag with you while I go to the meadow?"

"Yes," answered the woman. "I will take care of it for you."

"Be sure you don't open it," called the fox as he went away.

But the woman wanted so much to know what was in the bag that she opened it at once. Out jumped the pig! A boy saw the

pig and ran after it. But he could not catch it, and the pig ran home.

The fox came back and looked into the bag. "Where is my pig?" he said.

The woman answered, "I opened the bag, and the pig jumped out. A boy chased it, and it ran home."

"Then I must have the boy," said the fox. He put the boy into the bag, took the bag on his back, and went off down the road. Soon the fox came to another house, where there was a woman in the yard.

"Good morning," he said. "I am traveling to see the world. May I leave this bag with you until I come back?"

"Yes," said the woman.

"Be very sure you don't open it," said the fox. And away he went.

Now this woman was too busy to wonder what was in the bag. She was baking cookies for her little boys and girls.

She put the bag in a corner of the kitchen,

and the boy who was inside the bag could smell the hot cookies. How good they smelled! They made him think of his mother's cookies, and he began to cry.

When the woman heard someone crying, she ran to the bag and opened it. There was the little boy!

Quickly she gave him some cookies and asked him why he was in the bag. Then the little boy told her all that had happened.

The kind woman decided to play a joke

on the fox. She took the boy out of the bag and sent him out into the yard to play with her children. She had a big dog named Towser, and she put him into the bag and tied it up just as it had been tied before.

When the fox came back, he took the bag and started home. "This boy can help me catch a fat hen for my dinner," he thought.

After a while, he opened the bag. But out jumped Towser instead of the boy! Oh, how the fox ran! Towser ran after him until he was tired. Then he went home.

That was the end of the fox's travels.

—*Clifton Johnson.*

THE STARS IN THE SKY

I

A long, long time ago, in a country far away, there was a little girl who wanted the stars in the sky to play with. No one could get the stars for her, and so she cried and cried all the time.

One night, when she was getting very sleepy, she said, "I will stop crying, and go and get the stars myself."

She started off at once to find them. She walked and walked and walked, until by and by she came to a river.

"Good evening to you, River," she said. "I am looking for the stars in the sky to play with. Have you seen any of them?"

"Oh, yes," said the river. "The stars shine in my face all night. Jump in, and you may find one."

The little girl jumped into the river and swam about and swam about, but never a star could she find. So she climbed out of the water and started on her way again.

By and by she came to a brook.

"Good evening to you, Brook," she said. "I am looking and looking for the stars in the sky to play with. Have you seen any of them?"

"Yes, indeed," said the brook. "They shine on me at night. Look about, and you may find one."

The little girl looked about and looked about, but never a star did she find.

Why did the little girl cry?

How did she hunt for the stars in the river?

How did she hunt for them in the brook?

II

On she went again, and after a while she came to some fairies.

"Good evening to you," said she. "I am looking for the stars in the sky to play with. Have you seen any of them?"

"Why, yes," said the fairies. "The stars shine on the grass at night. Dance with us and you may see one."

The little girl began dancing with the fairies. She danced and danced and danced, but never a star did she see. At last she sat down and cried.

"Oh, dear me," she said. "I swam about and I looked about and I danced, but I

LKD.

cannot find a star to play with. Won't you help me, Fairies?"

The fairies talked together. Then one of them came and took her by the hand. The fairy said, "Go right on down the road. And be sure that you take the first road that turns to the right. On that road you will find Four-Feet. Ask Four-Feet to carry you to No-Feet-at-All. Then tell No-Feet-at-All to carry you to the stairs without steps, and if you can climb them—"

"Oh, shall I be among the stars in the sky then?" cried the little girl.

"If you are not there, you will be somewhere else," laughed the fairy.

Then all the fairies began dancing again.

The little girl started off. By and by she came to a horse standing by the road.

"Good evening, Horse," she said. "I am looking for the stars in the sky to play with. Will you take me to them?"

"I know nothing of the stars in the sky,"

said the horse. "I cannot take you to them. I can only do what the fairies tell me to."

"I have just come from the fairies," said the little girl. "They told me to ask Four-Feet to take me to No-Feet-at-All."

"Then jump up and ride on Four-Feet," said the horse. So the little girl jumped upon the horse's back and rode and rode, until at last they came to the sea.

"Now get down," said the horse. "I have brought you to the end of the land, and that

is all Four-Feet can do. I must go home to my meadow now."

"But where is No-Feet-at-All?" asked the girl. "And where are the stairs without steps?"

"I do not know," said the horse. "Good night to you!" And off he went.

What did the fairies tell the little girl at first?
Then what did one fairy tell her to do?
What did the horse tell the little girl?
Where did he take her?

III

The girl stood still and looked at the water, until a large fish came swimming up to her.

"Good evening to you, Big Fish," said she, "I am looking for the stars in the sky and for the stairs that climb up to them. Will you show me the way?"

The fish answered, "I cannot show you the way unless the fairies sent you."

"They did send me," said the little girl. "They said that Four-Feet would carry me to No-Feet-at-All."

"Well," said the fish, "that is all right then. Get on my back, and No-Feet-at-All will carry you to the stairs without steps."

And off the fish went, swimming along a silver path in the water. Soon they came to something shining and beautiful, and the girl saw some stairs going up to the sky.

"Here you are at the stairs without steps," said the fish. "Climb up if you can." And he swam away.

The little girl climbed and climbed and climbed, but she could not get near the sky. She climbed until she was so tired that she could not walk. Then all at once—Bump! Down she came!

She found herself at home, on the floor by her bed, all alone. And since then the little girl has never cried for the stars.

"I do not want to have another dream, and fall out of bed," she says.

—*English Folk Tale.*

Who was No-Feet-at-All?
Where did he take the little girl?
Why did she never cry for the stars again?
Tell the whole story.

THE LAUGHING JACK-O-LANTERN

I

Little Orange Pumpkin felt very sad. Bob and Billy had come to Farmer Brown's corn field to choose pumpkins for jack-o-lanterns. The boys had taken some of the big pumpkins, but they had left Little Orange Pumpkin in the corner.

Poor Little Pumpkin! He had heard every word the boys said, and had watched them make a jack-o-lantern right there. How he did wish they would make a jack-o-lantern of him, too!

Once he had thought they were going to choose him, for Bob had said, "There's a little pumpkin that is just big enough for Betty. Let's take it, Billy."

"No, we can't," Billy said. "You know Mother said that it wouldn't be safe for Betty to have a jack-o-lantern, because she

might tip it over and set the house on fire. What's the use of making one if you can't have a candle burning inside?"

"That's so," answered Bob. "Well, here's mine, all done. Wait until I light this candle, and you will see him laugh. Oh—isn't he funny?"

How the boys laughed! Little Orange Pumpkin laughed, too. He wished—oh, so hard!—that he might have funny eyes and nose and mouth, and a candle burning inside, so that he might make people laugh, too.

He rolled himself right up to Bob's feet, but both Bob and Billy were too busy to see him.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" said Little Orange Pumpkin, when he saw the boys going away.

"What is the matter?" asked Big Pumpkin, who was growing near him.

"Oh, I do so want to be a jack-o-lantern!" said Little Pumpkin.

"We can't all be jack-o-lanterns," said Big Pumpkin. "Wouldn't you like to be made into a good pie for Thanksgiving dinner? You might be made into a little pie for Betty."

"No," said Little Pumpkin, "I'd rather be made into a laughing jack-o-lantern, with a lighted candle, and make the children happy. Wouldn't you like to be a jack-o-lantern?"

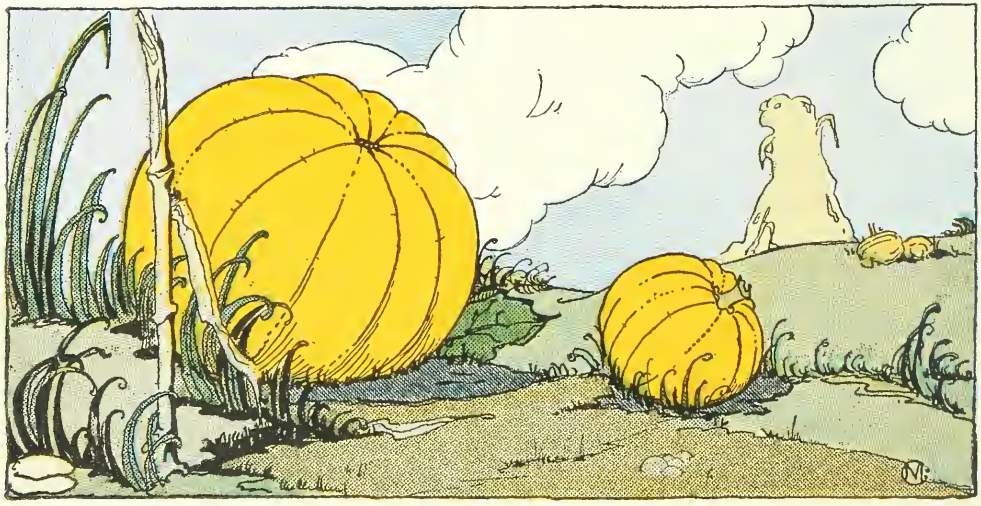
"I suppose that would be fun," said the other. "But I am really too big for that. I

shall be used to feed the cow that gives milk for Betty and Bob and Billy."

The big pumpkin was trying to comfort the little one, but he could not make him happy. The more Little Orange Pumpkin thought about it, the more unhappy he was. He twisted around until the stem snapped. He rolled a little way, and then he stopped.

"Well, well!" said Little Pumpkin, much surprised to find himself free.

Then he said to himself, "Why can't I just roll along until I find someone who does want me for a jack-o-lantern?"



II

Off started Little Orange Pumpkin, rolling along through the corn field. He went on until he came to the woods.

He rolled for a long time. Still he did not meet anyone, and so he called out,

"Who will come and take me,
And a jack-o-lantern make me?
Then I will give you light
For Halloween, tonight."

No one answered his call. But Little Orange Pumpkin was not going to give up so soon. On and on he rolled, through the woods.

After going a long way, he saw a cottontail rabbit eating his supper. Then the little pumpkin called again,

"Won't you come and take me,
And a jack-o-lantern make me?
Then I will give you light
For Halloween, tonight."

The rabbit looked at him and said,

"I do not need any lantern for light.
I'm going to bed very early tonight."

So Little Orange Pumpkin rolled on.

After a while he saw a red squirrel running up a tree. Little Pumpkin called out,

"Won't you come and take me,
And a jack-o-lantern make me?
Then I will give you light
For Halloween, tonight."

Red Squirrel said,

"I've been gathering nuts all day.
I am much too tired to play."

Little Pumpkin rolled on until he met a field mouse with seven baby mice. He thought that Mother Mouse would want to make a jack-o-lantern for her children, and so he called out to her,

"Please come here and take me,
And a jack-o-lantern make me.
Then I will give you light
For Halloween, tonight."

But the little mice had never seen a pumpkin rolling along, and they were so frightened that they ran away. Mrs. Mouse said,

"We cannot play with you today.
My children all have run away."

III

Little Orange Pumpkin rolled on, but he was very tired now. It was almost dark, too. He stopped and rested against a tree. After a while he said to himself, "This

will never do! It is Halloween now, and I must find someone soon who will make me into a jack-o-lantern. I'll have to hurry along."

On rolled Little Orange Pumpkin. After a long time he came to a big field. He heard sweet, soft music, and he stopped to listen. Far away he could see some tiny, tiny people, who were dancing on the grass.

"Oh, I think I see brownies and fairies," said Little Orange Pumpkin, rolling nearer to the tiny people.

Just then one of the brownies saw him and cried out,

"See who has come on Halloween!
Let's take him to the Fairy Queen."

Before Little Pumpkin could say a word, some of the brownies were rolling him to the Fairy Queen.

"This is very good luck for me," thought Little Orange Pumpkin.

When he came before the Fairy Queen he said,

"Won't you please, please take me,
And a jack-o-lantern make me?
Then I will give you light
For Halloween, tonight."

Then the brownies and fairies all danced around him and said, "Please, dear Queen, may we make a jack-o-lantern out of this fine big pumpkin?"

The Fairy Queen smiled and said, "Yes, let us have him to light our party tonight."

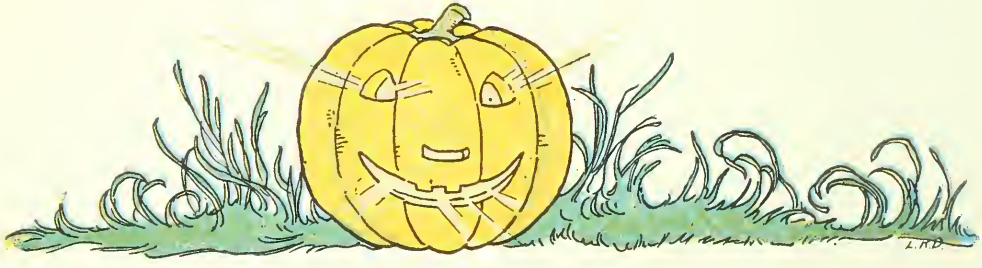
How happy Little Orange Pumpkin was! He had been called big! He had never dreamed that he could be so happy.

The brownies made him into a laughing jack-o-lantern, and put a candle inside. Then they lighted the candle and brought him back to the Fairy Queen.

And you can guess how happy he was when they all danced around him, singing,

"See our jolly lantern bright
Made to shine for us tonight;
Happy is our Fairy Queen,
And happy is this Halloween."

—*Anne Gage.*



UNCLE RABBIT'S THANKSGIVING DINNER*

I

Early one morning Uncle Rabbit started off, hippity, hippity, down the path that led to Farmer Brown's corn patch. The path was full of red and brown leaves, but Uncle Rabbit hopped through them, carrying on his back a big bag.

In the corn patch he found three small ears of corn that Farmer Brown had not

*Adapted from "Old Man Rabbit's Thanksgiving Dinner" in *For the Story Teller* by Carolyn S. Bailey, published by Milton Bradley Co.

picked, and he put them into the bottom of the bag. A little farther along he found a few nice turnips and some yellow carrots that had been left in the field. He took the turnips and the carrots, too.

Uncle Rabbit went back through the apple trees, and in the grass he found a few little red apples that the farmer had not cared for. These went into the bag with the other things.

Then he crossed the potato field, where he found enough small potatoes to fill the bag. He went on, and soon he saw two eggs in the grass.

"Now I can have a pudding," he said to himself, and he grew very hungry as he thought of the good dinner he would have from the things in the bag.

When Uncle Rabbit got back to his little house, he went to work. First, he piled his food up, the corn in one pile, the turnips in another, and so on.

Then he beat the eggs very light and made a pudding with flour and sugar and raisins. When he had put the pudding on to boil, he went outside to rest a while and eat a turnip.

II

Uncle Rabbit sat in front of his little house, wrapped in his blue scarf and eating his nice juicy turnip. He was so contented that he didn't care if the wind did blow his ears until they stood up straight.

All at once he heard a noise in the leaves. It was Billy Chipmunk hurrying home.

"Good morning, Billy," said Uncle Rabbit. "Why are you running so fast?"

Billy Chipmunk stopped. "I was running fast because I am cold and hungry," he answered. "I've been hunting all the morning for an apple, but I couldn't find one. It's going to be hard to find food this winter."

Away ran Billy, looking very cold.

Then Uncle Rabbit saw Molly Mouse creeping along the path. Her long tail brushed the leaves as she went by.

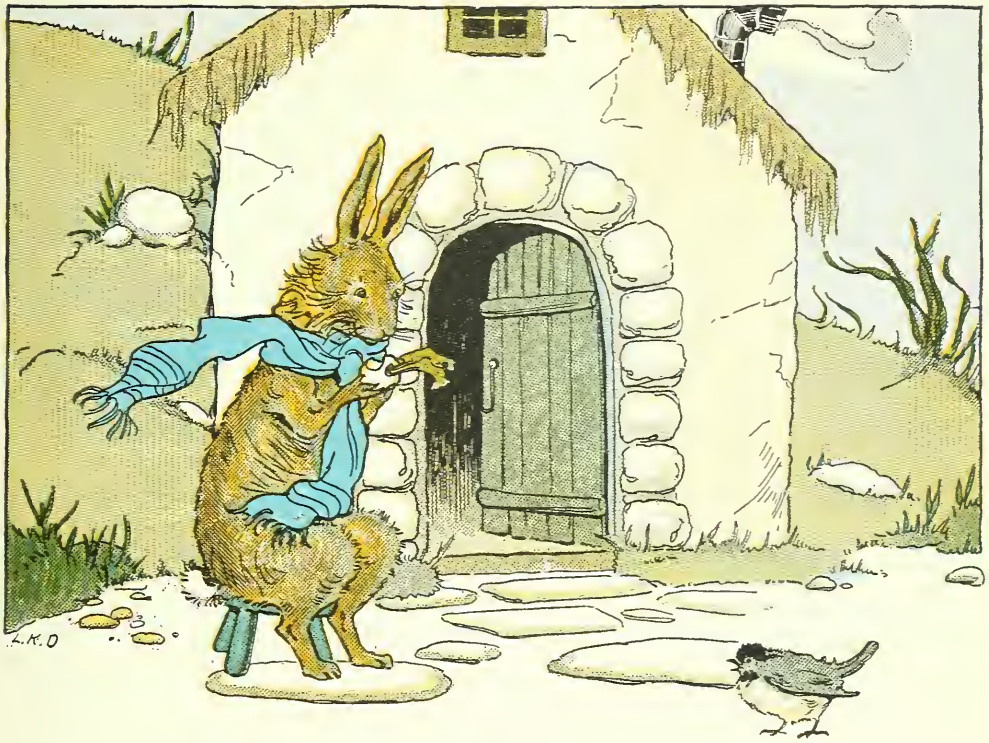
"Good morning, Molly Mouse," he said.

"Good morning," answered Molly Mouse in a wee voice.

"You don't look happy," said Uncle Rabbit, taking another bite of his turnip.

"I've been looking and looking for an ear of corn," said Molly in a sad voice. "But the farmer has gathered in all the corn. It is going to be very hard to find food this winter."

Away ran Molly Mouse, out of sight.



Soon Uncle Rabbit heard someone else coming. It was Tommy Chickadee, and he was very cross.

"Good morning, Tommy," said Uncle Rabbit. All Tommy would say was that he was cold, and that he could not find a crumb or a berry to eat.

When he flew away, his feathers were puffed out with cold until he looked like a little round ball.

III

When Uncle Rabbit had eaten his turnip, he went into the house to see how the pudding was cooking. He found it was bumping against the lid of the pot as it boiled, and it smelled very good indeed.

When Uncle Rabbit looked around his house and saw the corn and carrots and apples, he thought of a plan. It was different from any plan he had ever made in his life, but it pleased him very much.

At once he took off his scarf and put on a big apron. Then he laid a clean cloth on the table and got out his best dishes.

By this time the pudding was done, and he put it in the middle of the table. Around it he piled corn and apples and turnips and carrots and potatoes.

Then he stood in his front door and rang the dinner bell very hard, calling loudly, "Dinner's ready! Come, Billy Chipmunk and Molly Mouse and Tommy Chickadee!"

IV

They all came, and they brought their friends with them. Tommy Chickadee brought a robin who could not fly to the South for the winter because he had a hurt wing. Billy Chipmunk brought a lame squirrel who had gone to live with him for the winter. Molly Mouse brought a young field mouse who had had nothing to eat for two days.

They all tumbled into Uncle Rabbit's house together. And when those hungry animals saw the table, they began eating as fast as they could.

Uncle Rabbit was kept busy waiting on them. He gave all the raisins from the pudding to Tommy and the robin. He gave Molly and her friend corn and turnips, while Billy got an apple, and the squirrel ate corn.

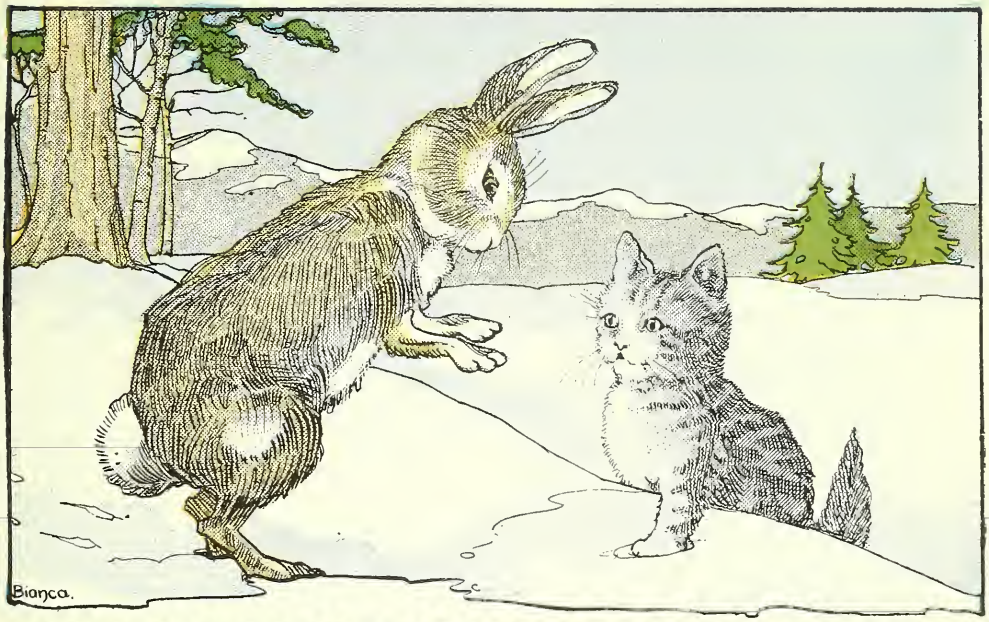
Uncle Rabbit was so busy that he did not have time to eat a bite of dinner himself, but he didn't mind. It made him very happy just to see the others eating.

When dinner was over and everyone had had enough, Tommy Chickadee hopped up on the back of a chair and chirped, "Three cheers for Uncle Rabbit's Thanksgiving dinner!"

"Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!" they all cried.

Uncle Rabbit was the most surprised rabbit that ever was. He had given a Thanksgiving dinner without knowing that it was Thanksgiving Day!

—Carolyn S. Bailey.



THE KITTEN THAT WANTED TO BE A CHRISTMAS PRESENT

I

One cold winter day, when the snow was on the ground, a cotton-tail rabbit was looking for something to eat. He was not cold because his fur was thick and warm.

Suddenly he heard a noise and stopped. "What was that noise?" he said. "Maybe it is something that will hurt me. I will hide."

Just then he saw a little gray kitten standing in the deep, soft snow.

"Mew, mew!" cried the kitten.

"What is the matter?" asked the rabbit.

The kitten said, "I cannot walk in this soft snow. It is piled too deep. Please come and help me."

The rabbit went to the kitten. "What can I do to help you?" he said. "Shall I take you home?"

"I have no home," answered the kitten.

"Well, what do you want?" asked the rabbit.

"I want to be a Christmas present," said the kitten.

"A Christmas present! What is that?" said the rabbit.

The kitten answered, "I do not know what it is. But my grandmother was one. She said that if you are a Christmas present, someone loves you, and you have good things to eat."

"Come with me," said the rabbit. "Perhaps we can find someone to help you."

The rabbit and the kitten went along together. Soon they met a gray squirrel, who said to them, "Where are you going?"

"We are looking for someone who can help us," said the rabbit. "This kitten wants to be a Christmas present."

"When is Christmas?" asked the gray squirrel, sitting up.

The rabbit answered, "The bears say that Santa Claus and Christmas will come two days from now."

"Who is Santa Claus?" said the squirrel.

"I don't know," said the rabbit. "Let us go and ask the bears."

II

So the rabbit, the kitten, and the squirrel went to the bears' winter home. When they found it, Father Bear came out to talk to them.

The rabbit said, "This kitten wants to be a Christmas present."

"Why do you want to be a Christmas present?" asked the old bear.

"I want someone to love me," answered the little gray kitten.

"Santa Claus is coming to see us in two days," said the bear. "We are going to hang up our stockings, and he will fill them with Christmas presents. You may stay here and ask him how you can be a Christmas present."

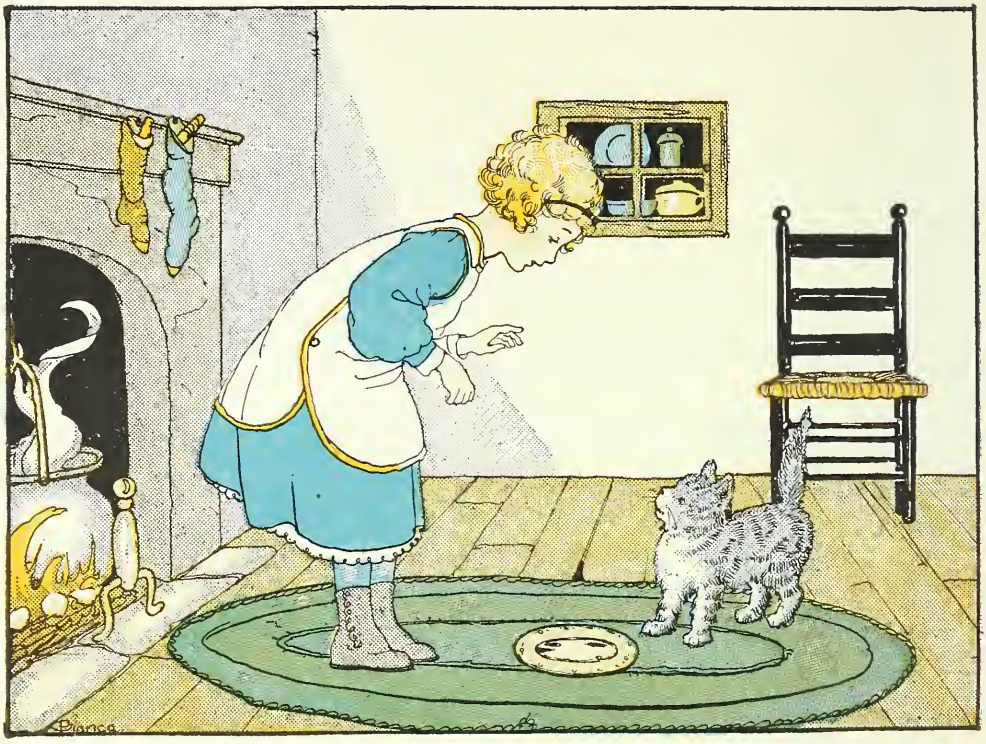
The little kitten waited two long days. At last it was Christmas Eve, and she sat in the road, waiting for Santa Claus.

Soon he came down the road, driving his six reindeer. When he saw the kitten, he said, "Whoa, whoa! What is this?"

The kitten said, "Please, Santa Claus, I want to be a Christmas present."

"Then you shall be one," said Santa Claus. "Jump in here with me."

The kitten jumped into the sleigh, and soon she was fast asleep. She had a long ride with Santa Claus, and then he left her at a house where a little girl lived.



When the kitten woke up, she was in a warm room, lying on the rug. Near her there was a pretty saucer filled with milk. She drank some of the milk. How good it was! All at once the door opened, and in came a little girl.

"Are you a Christmas present?" the little girl asked. "Did Santa bring you to me? I wanted a little kitten, and I shall always love you."

—Daisy D. Plympton.

HOW FRED EARNED A FLAG*

ACT I

Time—WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY, IN THE MORNING
Place—A ROOM IN FRED'S HOME

Persons:

FRED HIS MOTHER

[*Fred's mother sits in a chair, sewing. Fred's baby sister is playing near by.*]

FRED. [*Running in.*] Oh, Mother, the Washington's Birthday parade just went by! Did you hear the band playing?

MOTHER. [*Looking up.*] Yes, Fred, I heard the band, but I did not see the parade. Did you watch it?

FRED. I watched the first part of it, but a little boy who was standing behind me could not see. I was in his way, and so I gave my place to him.

MOTHER. You were a brave boy to give up seeing the parade.

*Adapted from "The Flag Story" by Carolyn S. Bailey in *Kindergarten and First Grade Magazine*, Milton Bradley Company. Used by special permission.

FRED. After I gave my place to the little boy, I could still see the red, white, and blue flags waving in the wind. I wish that I had a flag. May I have one, Mother?

MOTHER. You may have one if you will earn it.

FRED. Oh! I shall try to earn one today. Is there any way that I can help you first, Mother?

MOTHER. You are a good boy to want to help me. You may take the baby over to Grandmother's for a little while.

FRED. All right. When I come back, I shall try to earn a flag.

[*Fred gets the baby's cap and coat and puts them on her; then he puts on his own hat and coat, takes the baby, and goes out.*]

ACT II

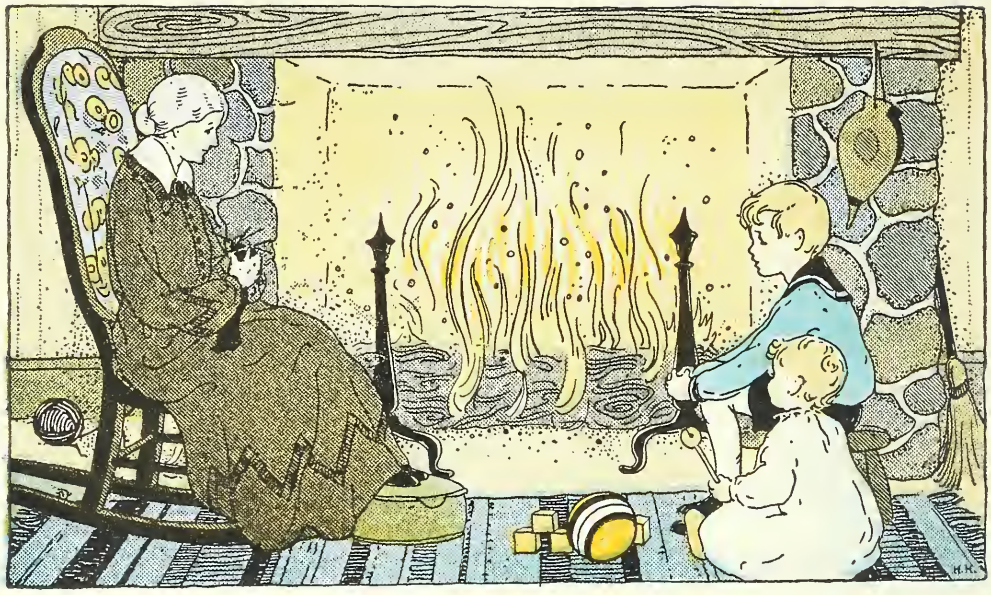
Time—LATE IN THE MORNING OF THE SAME DAY
Place—GRANDFATHER'S HOUSE

Persons:

FRED GRANDMOTHER
GRANDFATHER

[*Grandmother is sitting by the fire, knitting. Fred is talking to her about Washington's Birthday. The baby is playing on the floor.*]

FRED. I saw many flags today. Some were on the tops of houses. The ones carried in the parade were on tall poles. When the flag went by, the men and boys took off their hats.



GRANDMOTHER. That is one way of showing how much we love the flag.

[*The door opens, and Grandfather comes in.*]

GRANDFATHER. What is this I hear about the flag?

GRANDMOTHER. Fred is telling me that he saw many flags in the parade today.

GRANDFATHER. Would you like to have a flag, Fred?

FRED. Oh, yes, I should like to have one very much.

[*Grandfather takes a big silver half dollar from his pocket and gives it to Fred.*]

GRANDFATHER. You may buy one with this money.

FRED. Oh, thank you, Grandfather!

ACT III

Time—AFTERNOON OF THE SAME DAY
Place—A ROOM IN FRED'S HOME

Persons:

FRED HIS MOTHER

[*Fred's mother is in the room, sewing. Fred comes in from his Grandmother's, bringing the baby.*]

FRED. Oh, Mother, now I can buy a flag! I have a big silver half dollar!

[*He hands the baby to his mother, who takes off her cap and coat.*]

MOTHER. Did you earn the money, Fred?

FRED. No, Mother, I did not earn this half dollar. Grandfather gave it to me. [*Stops to think.*] So I cannot buy my flag yet, because I have not earned it.

MOTHER. But you have told the truth. And now I have a surprise for you.

[*Fred's mother puts the baby down and goes to her room. She comes back with a beautiful flag, which she gives to Fred.*]

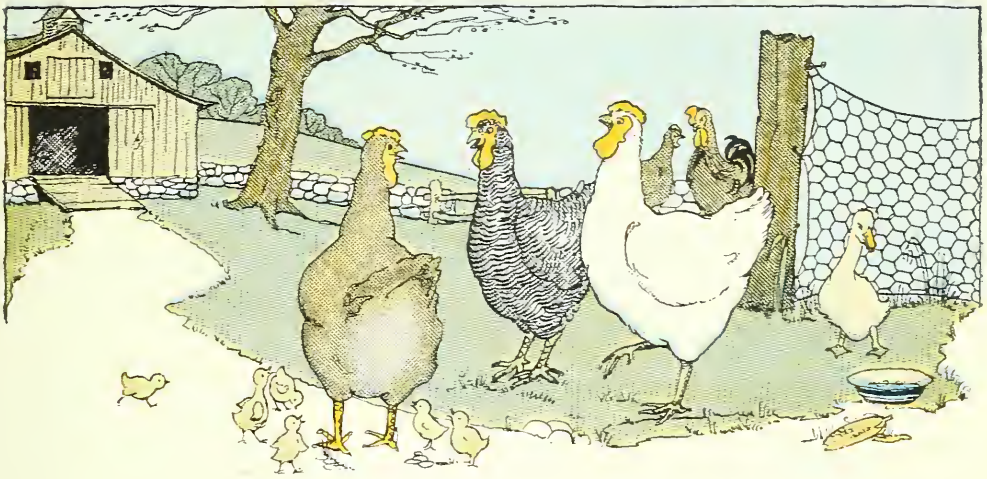
MOTHER. Here is your flag. You have earned it.

FRED. But I did not earn the money to pay for it.

MOTHER. The red in this flag says that you were a brave boy to give up seeing the parade. The white says that you were good when you helped Mother. The blue says that you were truthful. That is how you earned your flag.

FRED. Oh, thank you, Mother! I am so happy to have a flag for Washington's Birthday!

[*Fred raises the flag above his head and waves it.*]



THE BLUE AND THE GREEN EGGS

I

All the hens and chickens in the barnyard were gathered around White Hen.

"I tell you I saw the eggs with my own eyes," she said to the others. "Some of them are blue, and some of them are green. They are just like any other eggs except that some are blue and some are green. Who could have laid them?"

"Well, I know that I didn't," said Speckled Hen.

"I certainly didn't," said Brown Hen. "I lay large white eggs, and you all know it. They are the best in the yard, if I do say it myself."

"Your eggs are not the best," said Speckled Hen. "The largest egg ever laid in this yard was mine. It was a light brown color. I like brown eggs better than white ones."

"Anyway," said White Hen, "we must find out who laid the blue and the green eggs."

"Where did you see them?" asked Speckled Hen.

"I saw them on the table by the window in the house," said White Hen. "I flew up on a box that stood under the window. Then I looked through the window, and there on the table, in a little basket, I saw those eggs."

"Perhaps the master bought them for us to sit on and hatch," said Brown Hen.

"Well," said White Hen, "I will not have those eggs in my nest."

"I am sure I will not hatch them," said Speckled Hen. "How funny I should look running around here with a blue chicken and a green chicken beside me! No! I will not do that. The master must find another hen to hatch them."

"And I will not do it," said Brown Hen. "I will not have any chickens but yellow ones."

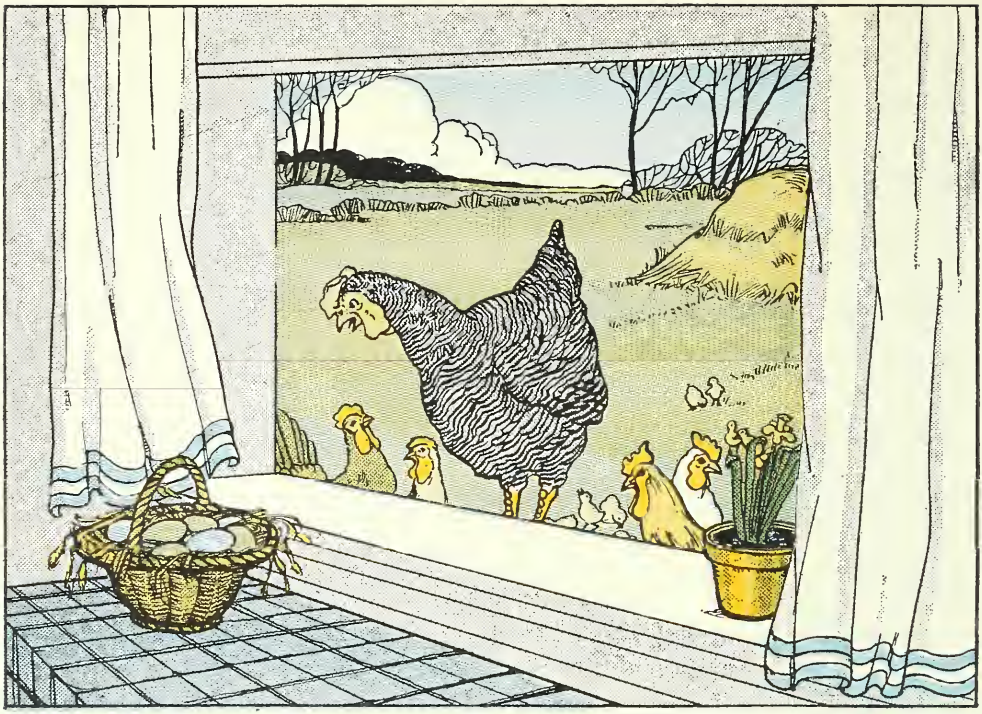
"Perhaps White Hen does not know blue and green," said Speckled Hen. "The eggs she saw may be white after all."

"You may go and look for yourselves," said White Hen. "You will find blue eggs and green eggs, just as I told you."

What had White Hen seen?

Where did she see them?

What kind of chickens did the hens think would hatch from the blue and the green eggs?



II

Off ran Speckled Hen and Brown Hen, followed by many others. All the little chickens in the yard went, too.

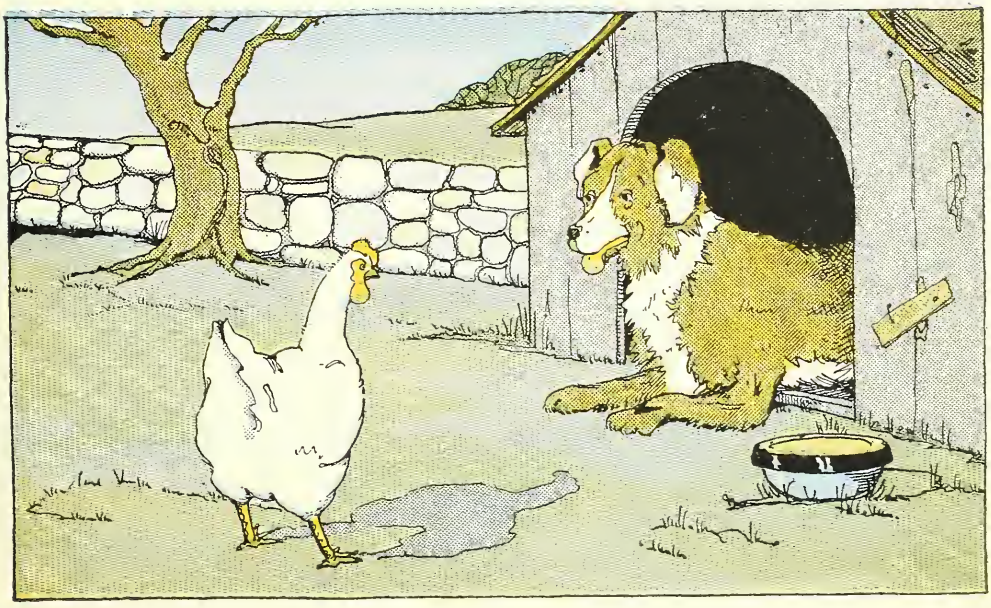
One after another the hens flew to the top of the box and looked through the window at the eggs that White Hen had told them about. It was all true—some of the eggs were green, and some were blue.

"Peep, peep, peep! We want to see the fancy eggs, too," cried the little chickens.

But they could not fly up on the box, and so they went back to the farmyard. All the hens followed but White Hen. She went to talk to her friend Towser, the dog.

White Hen told Towser all about the eggs. Then she said, "Wouldn't it be dreadful if the master put those eggs in one of our nests? We should not like to have green and blue chickens."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Towser. "That is a good joke on you. You don't know your own eggs when you see them."



"Don't tell me that I laid those eggs," said White Hen. "I know I did not."

"But you did," said Towser, laughing again. "I heard the master say to the maid, 'If you want eggs to color for Easter, take the ones the White Hen laid. They are not so big as the others, and I cannot sell them for so much.'"

"Well, well!" said White Hen, in great surprise.

Where did the hens all go, and what did they do?

Why didn't the chickens see the eggs?

What did Towser tell White Hen?

III

A few days afterwards Brown Hen said, "I wonder when master is going to bring out those colored eggs. If he leaves them

in the house no one will be able to hatch them."

"Oh," said White Hen, "I found out a few days ago that those were not really green and blue eggs, after all. They were only fancy Easter eggs for the master's little girl to play with. The colors were painted on them. Towser told me."

But White Hen did not tell the other hens all that Towser had told her about the blue and the green eggs.

—*Abbie Phillips Walker.*

What did Brown Hen still think about the colored eggs?

What did White Hen tell her?

Why did White Hen not tell the others all that Towser had told her?

L.K.D

THE BALLOON MAN

He always comes on market days,
And holds balloons, a lovely bunch—
And in the market place he stays,
And never seems to think of lunch.

They're red and yellow, blue and green;
And when it is a rainy day,
Though carts and people get between,
You see them shining far away.

And some are big and some are small,
All tied together with a string,
And if there is a wind at all
They pull and pull like everything.

Some day perhaps he'll let them go,
And we shall see them sailing high,
And stand and watch them from below.
They would look pretty in the sky!

—*Rose Fyleman.*

STAR, THE PROUD HORSE

I

Once upon a time, there lived in a small Southern town, a fine young horse with a black, shining coat and a long, waving mane and tail. He was named Star, because he had a white star in his forehead.

All the animals in the barnyard liked Star, but they thought that he was too proud.

"Star is as proud as if he could make the sun rise with his crowing," said the rooster, walking around the barnyard.

"Star is as proud as if he could swim around the world," said the old gander, as he started for the pond with a long line of fat white geese following him.

"Star is as proud as if he could sing like me," said the little gray donkey, turning one long ear forward and one long ear backward to listen to all the sounds of the barnyard.

"Star is as proud as if he could catch mice," said the cat, licking her paws.

Star's mother, a fine old horse, nodded her head and said, "Yes, Star is proud and wild, but when he gets older he will pull as big a load as anyone. Let him kick up his heels while he is young."

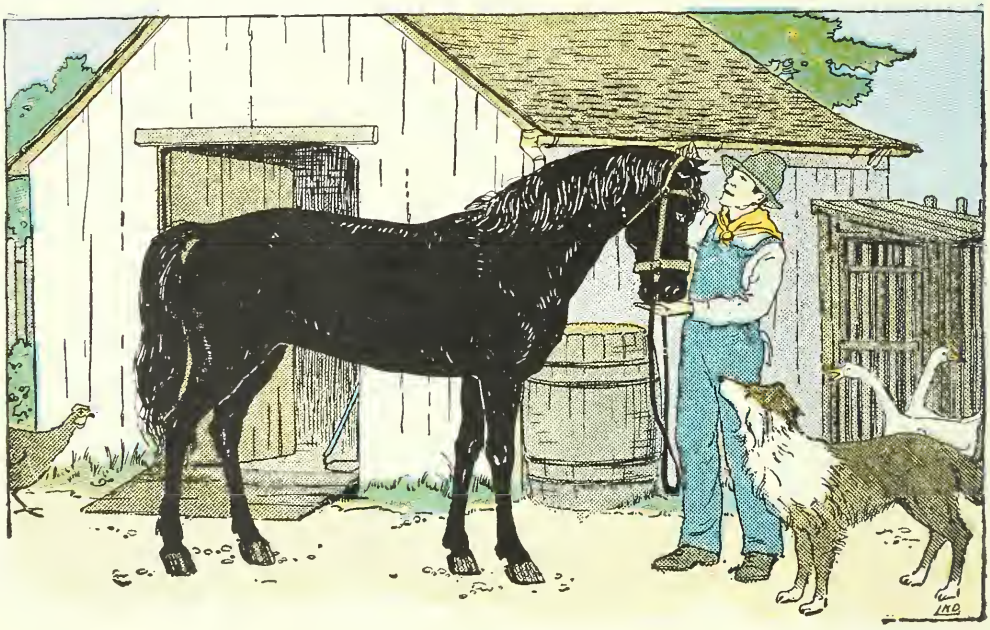
The old cow stood still, looking as if she did not hear the talk.

Star's best friend was the dog Lad. Lad had long, silky hair of gold and white. Every day he raced beside Star round and round the pasture, or nipped, in fun, at his

flying heels. Sometimes, by running in front, he made his friend turn to one side or the other, and sometimes Star had to jump over the dog to keep from stepping on him. When it was hot, Star stood under the shade of a big tree, and Lad lay by his side. At night Lad slept in the barn with Star.

II

One morning the master came into the barnyard and gave Star a lump of sugar. Then he slipped a bridle over the young



horse's head and led him out of the barnyard. Lad ran close beside his friend.

All the animals stopped eating to see him go. The old horse nodded her wise head and said sadly, "Star's play days are over." Then they all went on eating.

Every day the master gave Star a lesson, and Star learned to wear a harness and to pull a light cart. He learned when to turn to the right and when to turn to the left, and he learned to stop when his master said, "Whoa!" His master never touched him with a whip, and he gave Star a lump of sugar every day.

You may be sure that Lad always went along, too. When Star walked slowly, Lad trotted by his side, and when Star went faster, the dog ran behind with his tongue hanging out.

Sometimes, when it was very hot, his master would say, "Jump up, Lad," and Lad would jump up to the seat and sit beside

his master. How happy Lad was then! He put his sharp nose out to sniff the air as they flew along, and his silky hair blew back in the wind.

Every day Star grew prouder. He stepped around the barnyard like a prince, and he would not even look at the little gray donkey.

"Some day," he said, "the master will let me take the children for a ride in the country." Star loved the children, but he was so wild and gay that they were all afraid of him.

III

Then the warm summer came, and on a very hot day the master went to Star. He patted the horse's soft nose and said, "Well, Star, I think you are ready for some real work."

"Oho!" said Star proudly. "Now we shall see what I can do!"

Then the master led Star out of the barn-

yard, with Lad following at his heels, and what do you think he did? He hitched Star to an ice wagon!

It was painted a bright yellow, with the word "ICE" in big black letters on the side. It was a small ice wagon, but it was full of ice and very heavy.

Star could hardly believe that he was to pull the wagon. He turned his head around and looked at it. Then he looked sadly at his master.

"Must I pull that thing?" he seemed to say. "Must the proud Star pull that heavy wagon around town all day?" Lad, too, did not know what to think about it. He ran all around the wagon, and then ran up to his master as if to say, "No, no!"

The master seemed to know what Star was thinking. He said, "Star, the days are very hot, and everyone needs ice. The children need it to keep their food fresh and good. Sick people need it to help make them well.

You are young and strong, and you can pull the ice wagon all day without getting too tired."

Then he stooped down and tied a little chain to Star's bridle. What was on it? Star did not know. Lad did not know, either, though he sniffed at it very hard. But when the master climbed into the seat and when Star took his first step, then they knew. On the chain was a cow bell!

A cow bell! Star's proud head hung low, and his steps were slow and sad. Lad barked and barked, because he did not understand why his friend should wear a cow bell.

"Clank—clank!" went the bell. "Clank—clank! Clank—clank!"

Then a wonderful thing happened. Whenever people heard the bell they came to their doors and windows and said, "Please bring us ice. We need ice today."

The children ran out to the wagon to get

little pieces of ice to play with. Some of them patted Star and said, "What a pretty horse!" They were not afraid of him at all. But Star turned his head aside. He was ashamed of his cow bell.

That night when Star went back to the barnyard, everyone made fun of him.

"Here comes Star," said the rooster. "He is too tired to be proud tonight!" And the rooster walked around with his head raised higher than ever.

"Here comes Star," said the old gander to

his fat white geese. "He has been taking ice around the town. What good is ice, I should like to know? No one can swim in frozen water."

"Ha—ha!" laughed the little gray donkey. "Star has a fine song now. He plays on a cow bell! Ha—ha!"

"A bell is a very bad thing," said the barnyard cat sadly. "If you wear a bell, the mice will hear you coming, and then they will all run away."

But the old cow stopped chewing long enough to say, "What is wrong with a cow bell? Star ought to be glad to wear one. The cow that wears a bell is called the bell cow. She walks at the head of all the cows and leads them wherever she wishes. At night she brings them home."

Star's mother rubbed her nose softly against him and said, "Never mind, Star. Some day you will like your bell." But Star could not believe her.

That night he said to Lad, "I will not wear a cow bell! I will run away!"

Lad answered, "If you run away, I will go with you, Star."

IV

The next morning, when the master hitched Star to the ice wagon, he said, "Star, you must go fast this morning to take ice to a sick man at the other end of town."

Star said to himself, "I will take ice to the sick man before I run away," and the cow bell went "Clank—clank!" at every step.

When they had left the ice for the sick man, the master said, "Now we must take ice to some little children to keep their milk sweet this hot day."

Star said to himself, "I will take ice to the little children before I run away," and the cow bell went "Clank—clank!" down the street.

After the children got their ice, the mas-

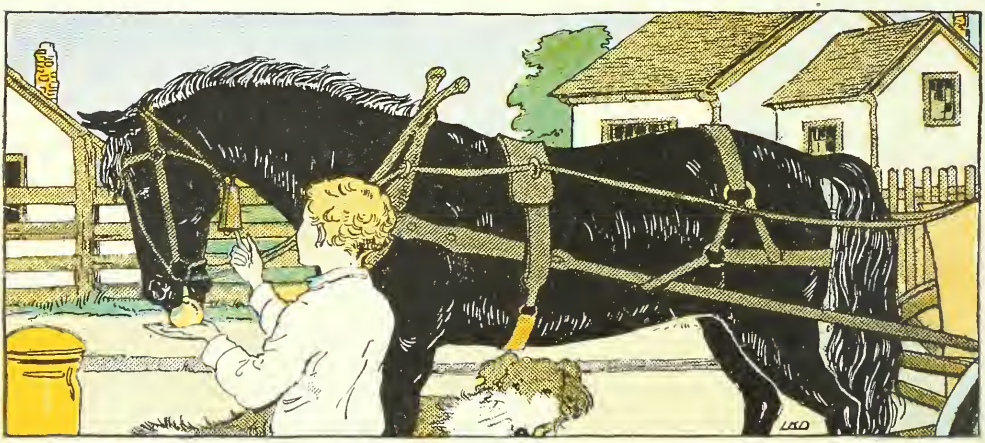
ter said, "Now, Star, a mother is giving a birthday party for her little boy, and she needs ice to make the ice-cream."

Star said to himself, "I will take ice for the birthday party before I run away," and the cow bell went "Clank—clank!" with every step.

When he had left the ice for the party, Star thought he had done enough. "Now," said he, "I will run away!"

But just then a little boy came up to him and gave him a big, juicy apple. Star stood still and ate the apple while the little boy played with his bell.

The horse liked the apple and the little boy.



"If I run away," said he to himself, "I cannot see this boy again, and I want to see him tomorrow. I will not run away yet."

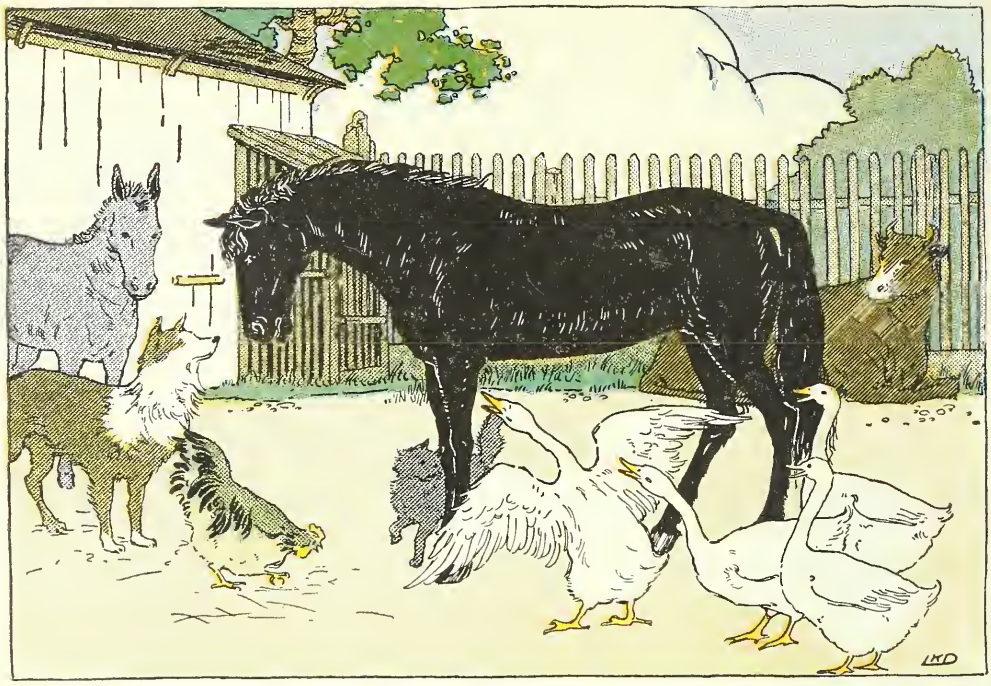
Then the master said, "Star, you need a drink of water." He brought the horse a big pail of cool water.

"If I run away now," said Star to himself, "my master may be hurt. He is kind to me, and I will take him home first."

V

All that day Star tried to find a good time to run away, but night came before he had found it, and he went home very hot and tired.

Lad ran home ahead of Star and told the barnyard animals about all the good things Star had done that day. When the animals heard Star's bell come "Clank—clank!" up to the barnyard gate, they all stopped eating to look at him, but not one of them made fun of him.



The old cow stopped chewing long enough to say, "Star has a right to be proud now, because he carried ice to keep milk sweet for children." The rooster scratched in the dust right under Star's nose and tried to show him where the best grains of corn were.

The old gander lifted his big wings and stretched his long neck when Star came near, and all the white geese did the same. The farmyard cat rubbed softly

against his tired legs, and the little gray donkey gave him some of his hay.

And what do you think? Star never ran away. After a while he did not want to run away. He liked to pull the ice wagon because he could help so many people in that way.

Every day for many years he and Lad went up and down the streets of the little Southern town, and the cow bell went "Clank—clank!" at every step. Always when the children heard it, they came running out to see their friend Star. They patted his shining neck; they played with his bell; and they gave him apples to eat.

At last Star again grew very proud, but this time he was not proud of himself. He was proud of his cow bell and of the good work that he was doing.

—*Alice Thompson Paine.*

IKD

PETER RABBIT

I

Once there were four little rabbits. Their names were Flopsy, Mopsy, Cotton-tail, and Peter. They lived with their mother in a hole under the root of a very big tree.

"Now, my dears," said Mrs. Rabbit, one morning, "you may go into the fields or down the lane, but don't go into the farmer's garden. He doesn't like rabbits. Run along and be good. I am going out."

Then Mrs. Rabbit took a basket and went through the woods to the baker's. She bought a big loaf of brown bread and five raisin cookies.

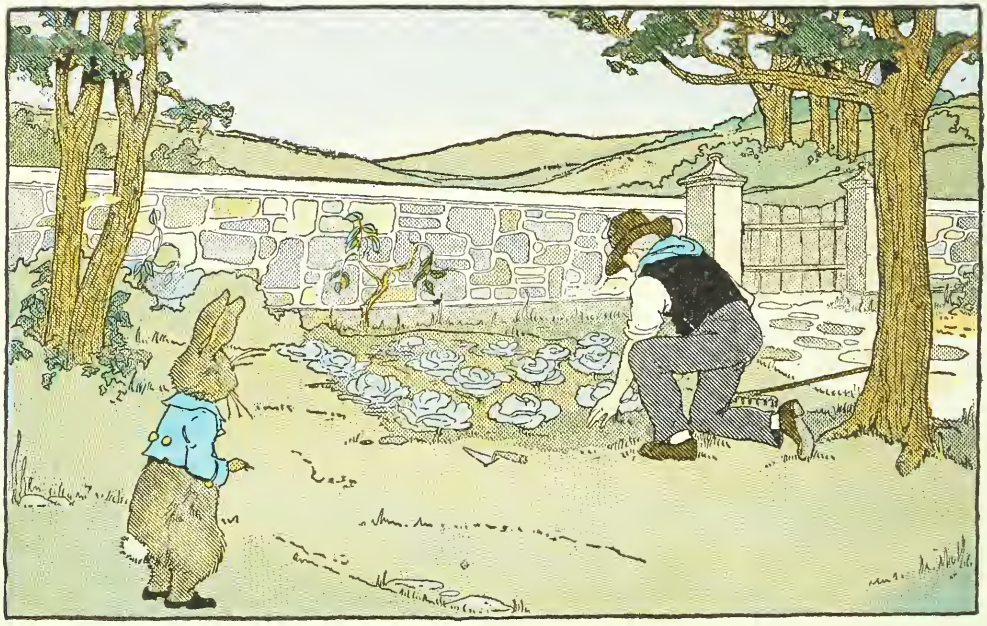
Flopsy, Mopsy, and Cotton-tail, who were good little bunnies, went down the lane to gather blackberries. But Peter, who was

very naughty, ran straight to the farmer's garden, and crawled under the gate.

First he ate some lettuce and some beans. Then he ate some carrots. After that he began to feel sick, and he went to look for some parsley, because his mother always gave him parsley when he felt sick.

II

Suddenly Peter came upon the farmer! The farmer was down on his hands and knees, planting some cabbages. When he saw Peter, the man jumped up and ran



after him, waving his rake and calling out, "Stop, stop!"

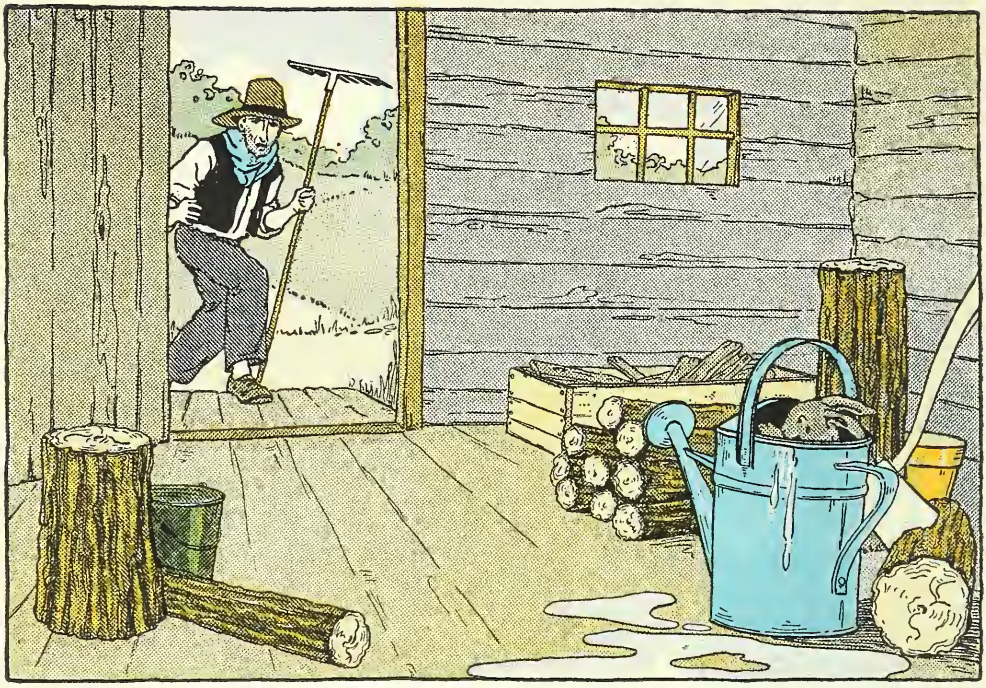
Peter was frightened. He ran all over the garden, for he could not find the way back to the gate. He lost one of his shoes among the cabbages, and the other among the potatoes.

After he lost his shoes, he went on four legs and ran still faster. Just as he was getting away from the farmer, he ran into a gooseberry bush and was caught by the large buttons on his jacket. It was a blue jacket with bright buttons, and was new.

The farmer came up quickly, ready to catch Peter, but the little rabbit got away just in time, leaving his jacket behind him.

III

Peter ran into the wood-shed and jumped into a big tin watering-can. If there had not been so much water in the can, it would have been a fine place to hide.



The farmer was quite sure that Peter was in the wood-shed, and so he began to look all about for the little rabbit.

Then Peter sneezed, "Ker-choo, ker-choo!" The farmer was after him in a minute, and put out his foot to stop the bunny, but Peter jumped out of the window.

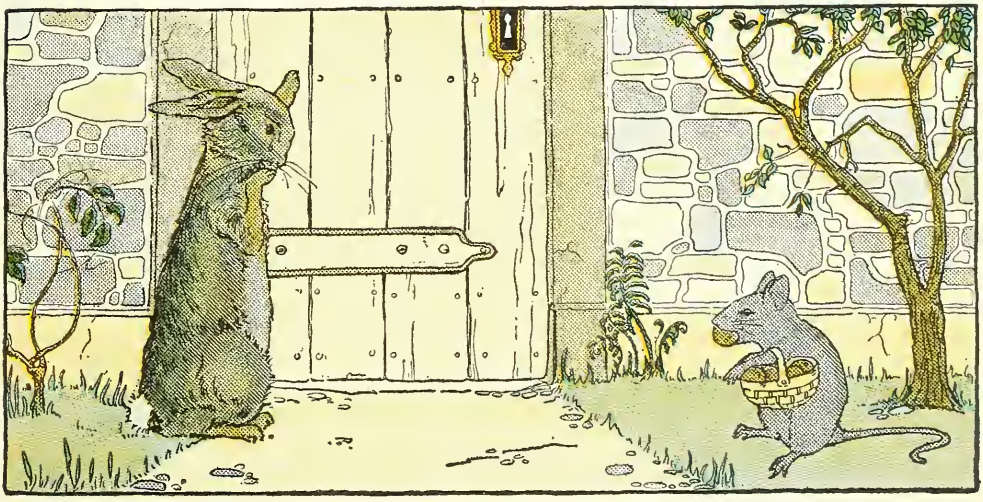
By that time the farmer was tired of running after Peter, and so he went back to his work.

Peter was so tired that he sat down

under some big leaves to rest. He was wet, too, from sitting in the watering-can.

After a time he began to look all around and in every corner. He found another gate in the wall, but it was locked, and there was not room at the bottom for a fat little rabbit to crawl through.

An old mouse came running by him, carrying peas and beans to her little ones in the woods. Peter asked her how he could get out, but she had such a large pea in her mouth that she could not talk. She only shook her head. Peter felt so bad that he began to cry.



Then the little rabbit tried again to find his way out of the garden, but he could not see the right gate. After a while he came to the pond where the farmer filled his watering-can.

There were goldfish in the pond, and a white cat sat looking at them. The cat was very, very still, but now and then the tip of her tail would wave as if it were alive.

Peter did not speak to her, because his friends had told him how bad cats were.

IV

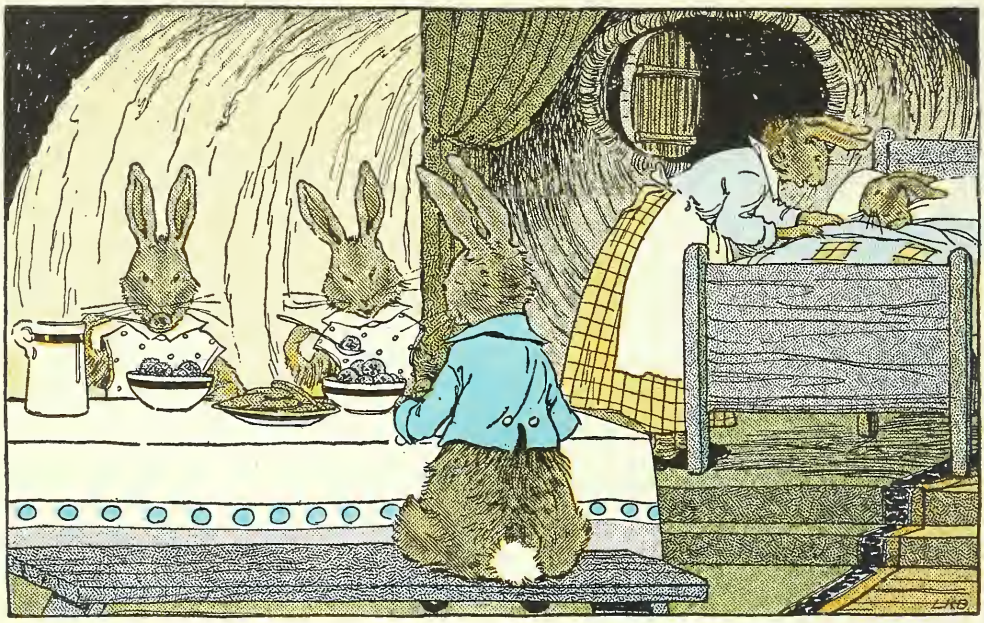
The little bunny started back toward the wood-shed. Soon he heard the noise of a hoe—scratch, scratch, scratch! Peter quickly ran under a grape-vine.

Nothing happened! Very carefully Peter crept out and looked all around. He saw the farmer with his hoe. His back was toward Peter, and on the other side was the gate the little bunny could crawl under.

Peter began to run as fast as he could go. The farmer caught sight of him, but Peter did not stop. He ran under the gate, and was soon in the woods outside the garden. At last he was safe!

The little rabbit never stopped running or looked behind him until he got home to the hole under the tree. Then he was so tired that he lay down on the floor and shut his eyes.

His mother was getting supper. When she saw Peter, she wondered what he had



done with his jacket and shoes. It was the second little jacket and pair of shoes he had lost in two weeks!

Peter was not very well that evening, and his mother put him to bed early without any supper.

But Flopsy, Mopsy, and Cotton-tail had bread and milk and blackberries and cookies for their supper.

—Beatrix Potter—Adapted.

A VISIT TO THE OLD MILL

I

One morning in late summer, David and Dorothy came out into the kitchen to help Mother get breakfast.

"Who will grind the coffee this morning?" asked Mother.

"I will," said Dorothy. "It's my turn to grind today."

"So it is," said Mother. "Here are the coffee beans. Pour them into the hopper."

Dorothy poured the coffee beans very carefully. She did not drop one. Her brother David stood by the coffee mill when she tried to start it.

"Let me help you start it," he said. "I'll show you how to turn the crank."

David put his right hand over Dorothy's little hand, and together they turned the crank round and round.

"Turn, mill, turn,
Turn, turn, turn!"

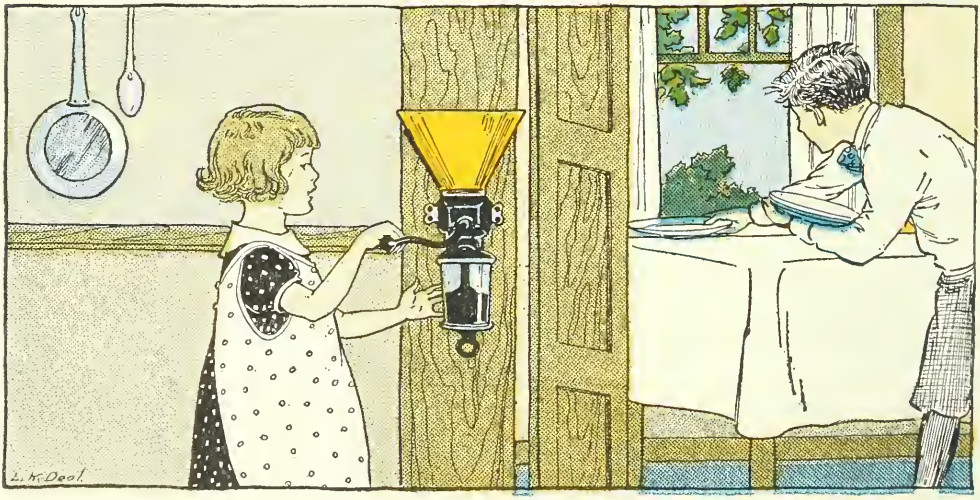
he sang.

"Let go now," said Dorothy. "I can do it, myself."

He let go of the handle, and she kept on grinding. Then he set the table for Mother and put the chairs in place. Dorothy kept on turning the crank until not a coffee bean was left in the hopper.

"There's Father!" cried David, as his father came to the kitchen door.

"Come here, Father," called Dorothy. "Look at the coffee! I ground it."



"So you are a miller this morning, are you?" said Father.

"What is a miller?" asked the little girl.

"A person who runs a mill," answered her father.

"There's an old mill near Grandfather's," said David. "He told me he would take us to see it the next time we go to his house."

"I'll drive past your Grandfather's today, David. You and Dorothy may come with me," said Father.

"Goody! Goody!" cried both children.

"Ask Grandfather to take you to the mill," said Mother.

"He'll do it," cried David. "He said he would."

II

At breakfast Dorothy said, "If the miller pours coffee for me, I'll say, 'No, thank you; I don't drink coffee.'"

"Why, Dorothy," said Mother, "what makes you think the miller pours coffee?"

"Oh, I see," said Father. "She thinks the miller runs a coffee mill."

"You told me so, Father. Don't you remember? You said a miller runs a mill."

"So he does, Dorothy. But the miller doesn't grind coffee. He grinds corn and wheat."

"Why does he grind corn?" asked David.

"Farmers want corn meal, David. They want it for their cattle in winter, and they want it for johnny-cake."

"Can't they have johnny-cake without corn meal?" asked Dorothy.

"No, Dorothy. No one can have johnny-cake without corn meal, and no one can have corn meal unless someone grinds the corn."

"And no one can grind corn, Father, unless he has corn to grind," said David.

"That's true, David. The farmer raises the corn, the miller grinds it, and—"

"Mother makes the johnny-cake," cried Dorothy.

"You are right, Dorothy. Mother makes the johnny-cake and Mother makes the bread."

"She doesn't make bread of corn meal," said the little girl. "Mother makes bread of flour."

"Do you know what flour is, Dorothy?"

"Why, flour is flour, Father. Don't you know?"

"But what is flour made of?" Father asked. "Do you know, David?"

"I think white bread is made of wheat flour, but I've never seen wheat."

"Haven't you ever seen wheat growing, David?"

"No, Father," he answered, "I've never seen wheat."

"The children have never been on a farm," said Mother.

"That's so," said Father. "But they will see many farms today. I'm glad we have the new car."

III

By the time David and Dorothy were ready, Father sounded his horn. The children said "Good-bye" to Mother and stepped into the car. Then away they went down the street and off toward the country.

After a while they came to some wide fields. Here and there they passed farm houses and big red barns. They passed green fields of growing corn; they passed many fields of ripe golden wheat ready for the harvest.

"Look at the yellow grass!" cried Dorothy when she first saw a field of ripe wheat.

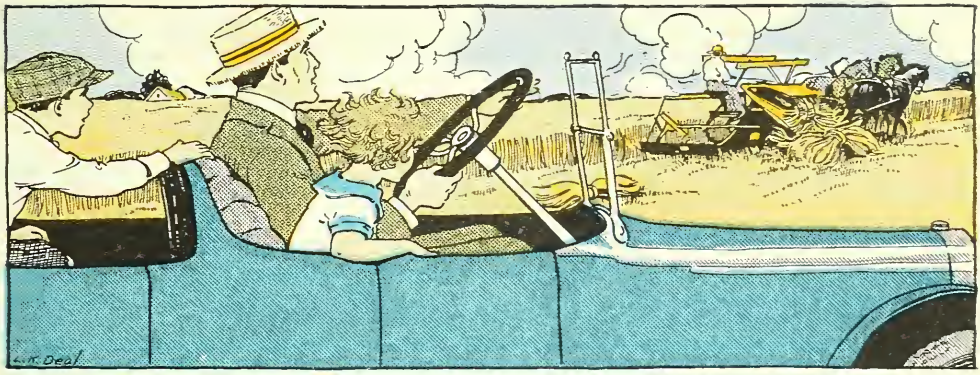
"That's wheat, Dorothy," said Father. "It was green earlier in the summer, but now it is ripe. That is why it is golden."

Soon they saw a man with a harvester driving across a field.

"What is he doing?" asked Dorothy.

"He is driving four horses," said David.

"He is cutting wheat, Dorothy," said



Father. "He has a harvester that cuts the wheat and ties it in bundles."

"I can see some bundles," cried David. "There are some boys carrying bundles."

"They are setting up the bundles in big piles that they call shocks," said Father. "The farmer will let the grain stand in the shocks until it is dry."

"Then what will he do with it?" asked the boy.

"He will put it into his barn, David."

"All the grain in this field has been cut," said Dorothy as they passed another field. And so they passed field after field. Everywhere the farmers were at work.

"The farmer feeds us all," said Father.

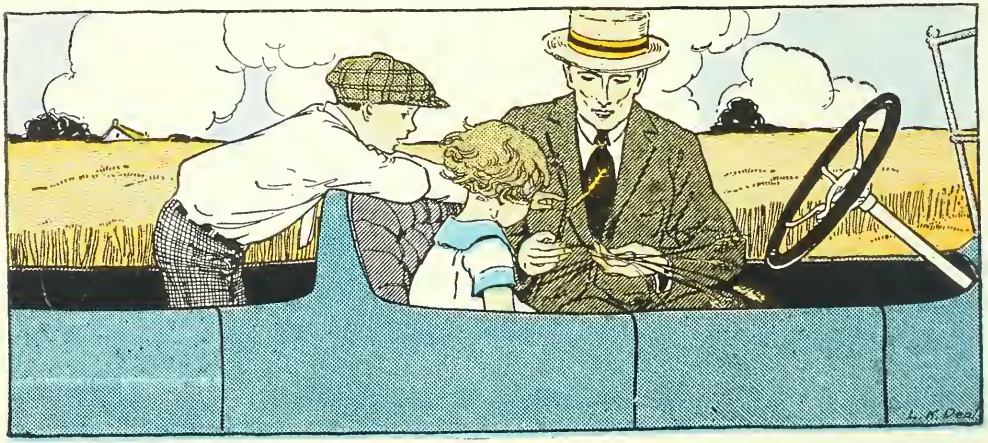
"The miller helps him feed us," said Dorothy.

"Why doesn't the farmer take his wheat to the mill now?" asked David.

"It isn't ready for the miller yet," said Father. "It must be threshed first."

"Tell us about that, Father," said David.

Father stopped his car, got out, and picked up from a field a few stalks of wheat that had been cut. Then he showed them to the children and said, "Do you see the kernels of wheat at the ends of these stalks, or straws? The kernels are the only parts that are ground into flour. After the wheat



is dry, the farmer pays men to run all of it through a big threshing machine.

"The kernels come out through a spout, and the straw runs out at the back. Then the grain is ready for the miller."

They went on, and soon they crossed a bridge over a brook.

"That's the brook that turns the old mill," said Father.

"There's Grandfather's house," shouted David as the car drove up to a white house in a small town.

Father sounded his horn, and Grandfather and Grandmother came out on the porch. "How do you do? Come right in!" they said.

"I must go on," said Father. "But David and Dorothy will stay with you. I'll call for them at four o'clock."

Then Father started his car, and the children went into the little white house with their dear grandfather and grandmother.

IV

"Will you take us to the mill, Grandfather?" asked David as soon as they were in the house.

"Indeed I will," said Grandfather. "Shall we go now?"

"Not until after dinner," said Grandmother. "I'll get dinner right away."

"Let's have sweet corn for dinner," said Grandfather. "Come, children. Let us go to the garden and get some sweet corn."

There were six rows of sweet corn in the garden back of the little white house. David broke off one ear of corn and Dorothy broke off another. Grandfather broke off two ears of corn and began to pull off the husks.

"I can do that," said David. And he began to pull back the husks.

"So can I," said Dorothy. "Grandfather, see what I have! See the pretty dolly!"

"It does look like a dolly," said Grandfather.

"I'll take off dolly's blankets," said the little girl.

"Mine isn't a doll," said the boy. "It's just corn. I'll pull off the husks and take it to the miller. I'll ask him to grind it for me."

"This corn can't be ground into meal, David. It's too soft. It isn't ripe."

"Is it good to eat?" asked David.

"Yes, David. It is just right for boiling."

"Then we'll take it to the kitchen," said the boy. "We'll have it for dinner."

V

Soon after dinner Grandfather and the children went down to the old mill. Before going in, they looked at the big water wheel.

"See how the big wheel goes round and round!" cried David.

Dorothy opened her big blue eyes very wide. Then she turned to Grandfather and

asked, "What makes the wheel go round and round?"

"It's a water wheel, Dorothy. Do you see that trough above the wheel? The water from the brook runs through the trough, and then falls upon the wheel and pushes it around."

"Oh, I see," cried David. "The water falls upon the wheel and turns it round and round."

"That's right, David," said Grandfather.

"There is an old song about the water wheel."

"Sing it, Grandfather," said both children. "Please do."

Then Grandfather sang this old song to David and little Dorothy:

"The water turns the wheel around,
The wheel around, the wheel around;
The water turns the wheel around
So early in the morning."

VI

"Where is the miller?" asked Dorothy.

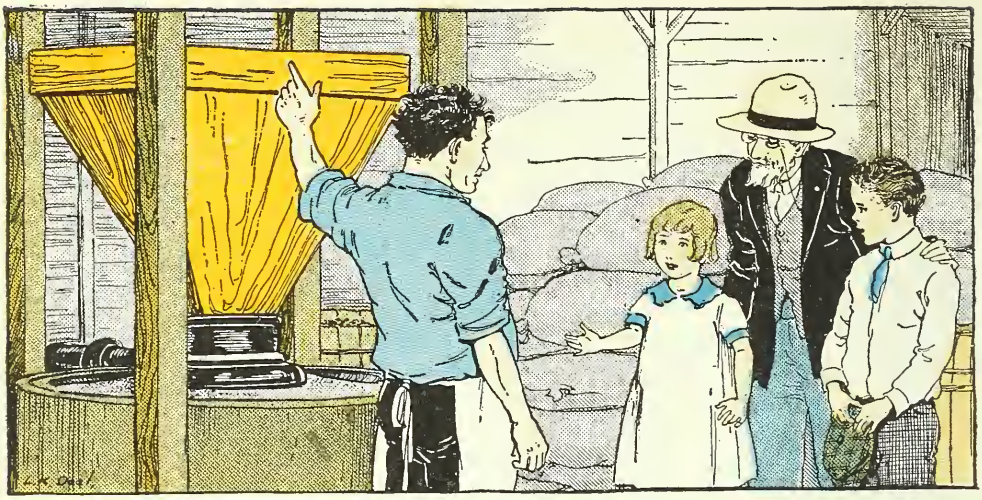
"In the mill. He is grinding corn."

"Let's go and see him," said David.

As they went toward the mill, the miller came to the door.

"David and Dorothy are from the city," said Grandfather. "They would like to see your mill."

"I'll be glad to show it to them," said the miller. Then turning to David and Dorothy,



he said, "The mill is running now. Would you like to see how I grind corn?"

"Oh, yes sir," said the children.

So the miller took them into the mill. They saw the big wheel turning round and round.

"Where is the corn you are grinding?" asked the miller.

The miller smiled at the little boy and said, "Do you see that hopper, as we call it? A farmer drove up a little while ago with some bags of corn, and I poured one bag of corn into that big hopper."

"We have a little hopper on our mill at

home," said Dorothy. "But we don't put corn into it. We put coffee into it."

The miller laughed. "Your little coffee mill grinds the same way my big mill does," he said. "You have to turn your mill by hand, but I make the water turn mine."

"Your mill makes more noise than ours does," said David.

"Yes," said the miller. "Do you hear the song my mill is singing? I think you can hear something like this:

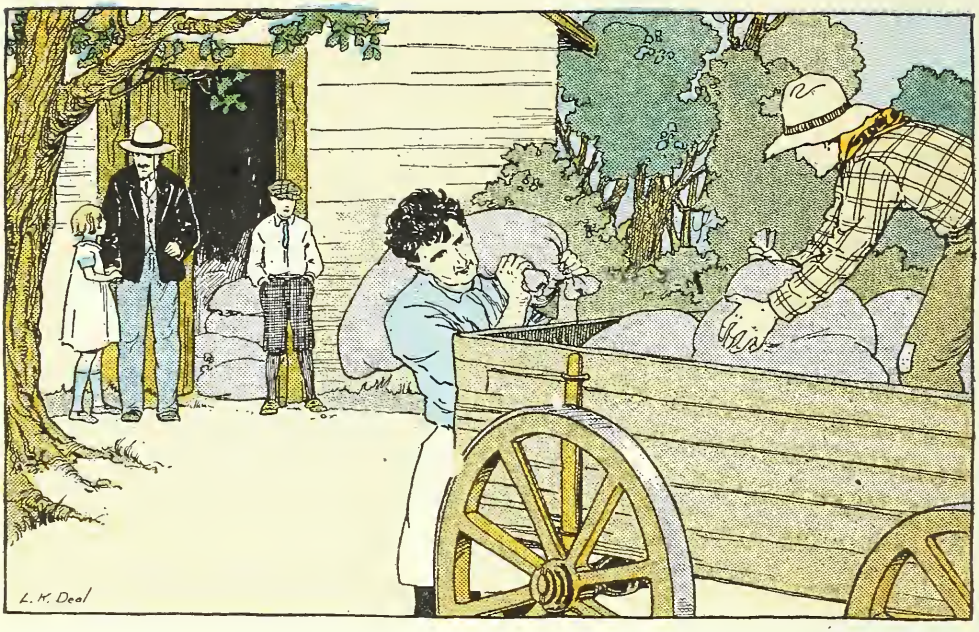
'My millstones cry
Riga—diga—di!
My millstones say
Riga—diga—day!'"

"They do say 'Riga—diga—day,'" cried David. "I can hear them say it."

"Do you see where the corn meal comes out after it is ground?" asked Grandfather.

"It comes through that spout," said Dorothy.

While the children were watching, the



miller was working. He put the meal into a bag, and his man poured another bag of corn into the hopper.

Bag after bag of corn was ground, and bag after bag was filled with meal. Soon the last bag of corn was ground, and the last bag was filled with meal. Then the miller loaded the meal into the farmer's wagon. But he kept one bag of meal for himself.

"That's the pay for my work," he said.

"Do you always take your pay in corn meal?" asked David.

"When I grind corn, I take pay in meal," said the miller. "When I grind wheat, I take flour for pay."

"Do you grind the wheat into flour just the same way?" asked Dorothy.

"Yes," said the miller. "The water turns the wheel, and the millstones grind just the same, whether I put corn or wheat into the hopper."

"Thank you for showing us your mill," said David and Dorothy.

"You are very welcome," said the miller. "Come to see me again when you are out this way."

"We must go back now," said Grandfather. "It is nearly four o'clock."

"Yes," said David. "Father will come for us at four."

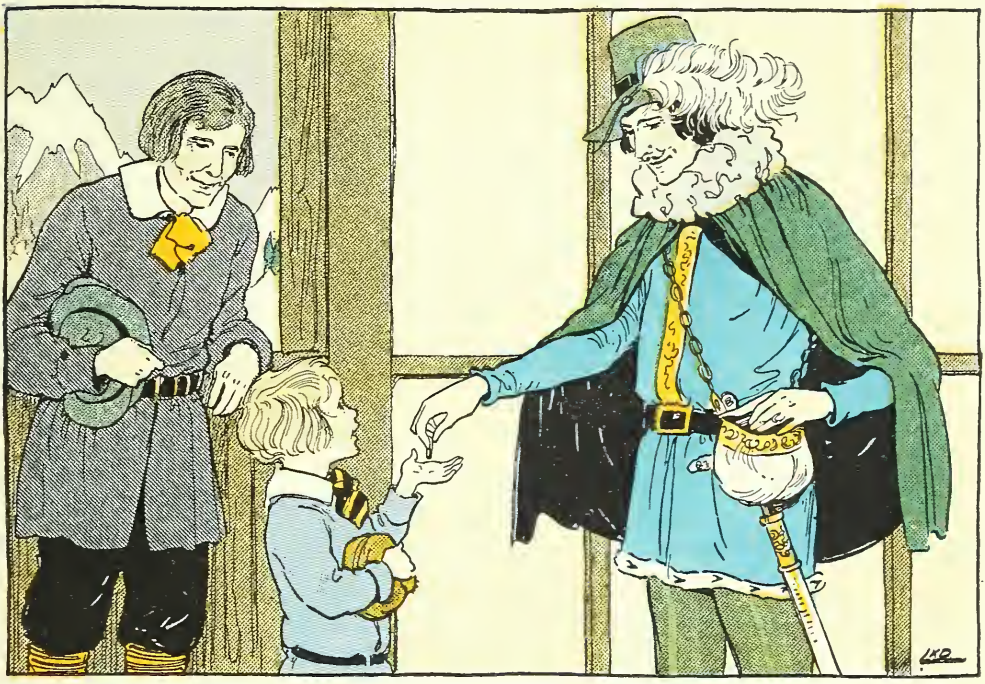
All the way back to the little white house, the children talked about the mill. And when Father came, they were still telling Grandmother about it.

"Thank you, Grandfather and Grandmother!" called David and Dorothy, when they said "Good-bye" and stepped into the car.

Then away they went, over the bridge and past fields of golden grain. On the way Father stopped at a farm and bought a bundle of wheat.

The next day the children threshed the wheat. Then they ground it in their coffee mill, and Mother made muffins of the wheat flour.

—*Katharine E. Dopp.*



PRINCE, THE FAITHFUL DOG*

I

Far away across the sea, in a country full of mountains, there was once a little boy named Hans. He lived with his uncle and aunt in a small village.

On Hans's fifth birthday a prince came to the village. Hans's uncle went to see him, and he took the little boy along.

*Adapted from "Hans and His Dog," in *More Mother Stories,* by Maud Lindsay, published by Milton Bradley Company.

After the prince had talked with the uncle, he asked the boy his name and how old he was. When Hans said that he was five years old that day, the prince took out a gold piece and gave it to the little boy.

"This is a birthday present for you," said the prince. "Buy whatever you want most."

Hans had never owned a gold piece before, and he felt very rich, indeed. When he got home and showed it to his aunt, she was much pleased, too.

"You must buy something that you can always keep," said she. "What shall it be? A silver chain—that is just the thing. When you are a man you will have a silver chain that a prince gave you for a birthday present."

Hans would much rather have had something to play with, but his aunt took the money and bought a chain. It was a very fine one, long and made of silver. She showed it to Hans, and then put it away.

Where did Hans live?

What was given to him on his birthday?

What did Hans's aunt do with his present?

II

A long time after this—almost a year—there was a fair in the town. Hans's aunt dressed him in his best clothes, put on his silver chain, and took him with her to see the sights.

They saw a merry-go-round in the center of the town. "If you are good," Hans's aunt said, "you may ride on the merry-go-round after a while."

Hans's aunt found many friends in the crowd. While she was talking with them, the little boy wandered about.

By and by he saw a man sitting on a step with a covered basket beside him. Hans thought he heard a noise inside the basket.

"Wow, wow!" came from the basket.

When the man saw Hans, he lifted the lid of the basket and let the boy peep in. There was a dear baby puppy.

"That is the finest dog in the country," said the man, putting down the lid. "I brought him to the fair to sell. Would you like to buy him?"

"Oh," said Hans, "I should rather have him than anything in the world, but I have no money. I haven't anything of my own but this silver chain."

"It is a very fine chain," said the man. "Is it yours?"

"Oh, yes," said Hans; "but I should much rather have a dog."

"Well, then," said the man; "let us trade. I will give you the puppy for your silver chain."

In a moment the man had the chain, and the puppy was in Hans's arms.

The happy boy ran to find his aunt. When he saw her, he called, "Oh, Aunty, look at my beautiful dog. A man let me have him for my silver chain."

"Your silver chain!" cried his aunt.

"Have you traded the silver chain that the prince gave you on your birthday? Where is the man? We will make him give you the chain again."

She hurried back the way Hans had come, but they could not find the man. He was gone. Hans held tight to the puppy, while the tears ran down his cheeks. He thought his aunt was going to take the dog away from him.

But after they went home, she told Hans that he might keep the dog. "Your silver chain is gone," she said, "and you have only this puppy. But keep him until he grows up. A dog is better than nothing."

Where did Hans's aunt take him?
What did the boy see there?
Tell how he bought the puppy.
Why did his aunt want to find the man?

III

Hans named the puppy Prince, for the prince had given him the chain which he had traded for the dog. So the puppy was really the prince's birthday present to him.

Prince grew very fast, and in two years he was a big, strong dog with thick hair and soft, loving eyes. Everyone said he was beautiful. He was Hans's playmate, and they were always together.

There was much snow on the mountains where Hans lived, and sometimes travelers were lost in the storms. Hans's uncle often talked about people who had been lost. He told about some good men who lived up in the high mountains, and who had dogs that they sent out to find travelers who were lost in the snow. "Those dogs are like our Prince here," he would say.

Then Hans hugged Prince and said, "Do you hear, Prince? Your uncles and brothers save people who get lost in the snow."

Hans's uncle went with travelers to show them the way over the mountains, and often he took Prince with him. Hans was always willing to let the dog go with his uncle.

One day another man in the village had to go to an inn up in the mountains, and asked if he might take Prince. When Hans heard this, he looked very sad, but his aunt said, "Let him go. What harm could come to a great dog like that?"

The man took the dog, but Hans was not happy. He was lonely all day, and in the afternoon, when snow began to fall, he did nothing but watch for the man and the dog.

After a while he saw the man coming with some of his friends, and he went out to meet them.

"Where is Prince?" he asked.

"Oh, Hans, I forgot him," said the man. "He was asleep behind the stove at the inn, and I was halfway back before I thought of him." The man looked much ashamed.

Tears came into Hans's eyes. He wondered how Prince would ever get home.

"Don't feel bad," said the man, trying to comfort Hans. "He knows the way, and he'll be back here by evening. If he isn't here in the morning, I'll go after him."

Morning seemed very far away to the dog's little master, and big tears began to roll down his cheeks. He was afraid the dear dog would be lost.

Why did Hans name the puppy Prince?
What kind of dog was he?
Who took Prince one day?
What did the man do?
Why did Hans feel so bad?

IV

Then Hans thought of something. Why not go and get Prince? He knew the way, for he had been to the same inn the summer before with his uncle.

The wind blew fiercely, and the snow fell fast, but Hans started out bravely to find his playmate. He walked along, getting colder and colder. After a while his feet were so cold and numb he could hardly lift them.

"I'll rest a little while," Hans thought, "and then I can go faster." He sat down,

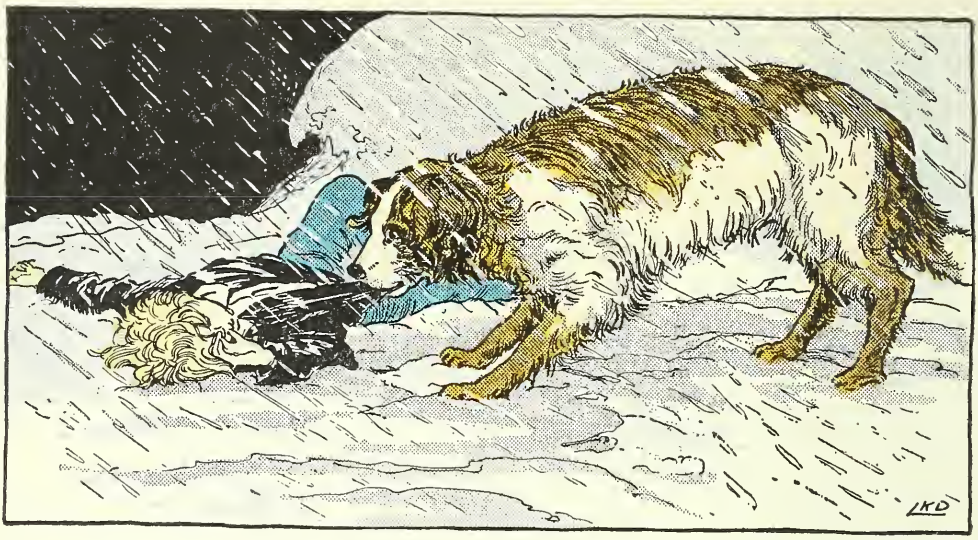
and in a few minutes he was fast asleep. He lay down on the snow, and the snowflakes began to cover him up.

But before his clothes were white, a big beautiful dog came running along the road. It was Prince. He had waked up at the inn, and when he found that the man was gone, the dog started home as fast as he could go. He did not mind the snow, for he was as warm as could be in his thick, hairy coat.

He was thinking of Hans, when suddenly he saw something beside the road. In a moment Prince was beside the child, barking, for every dog in that country knows that those who go to sleep in the snow never wake up.

"Bow-wow! Bow-wow!" Prince called. He began to pull at the boy's coat and to lick his face. Then he found that it was his own dear little master.

"Bow-wow-wow! Wake up!" he barked, as loud as he could. "Bow—wow—wow!"



But Hans did not wake up. He was too cold to feel or hear the dog.

Prince ran down the road toward the village. "Bow-wow! Bow-wow-wow! Come here! Come here!" he called.

The people in the quiet village heard the cry. Hans's uncle and aunt heard it as they looked through the house for their little boy.

"Bow-wow! Bow-wow!" Prince barked.

Some of the men quickly put on their warm coats and caps and hurried up the mountain side to see what was wrong. They climbed up through the snow until they came

to the spot where the faithful dog watched over his little master.

In a few minutes Hans was safe at home with Prince beside him. Dog and boy were as happy as they could be.

Hans's uncle is never tired of telling the story of how Prince saved his little master. Hans thinks it is more beautiful than a fairy story, and so does his aunt. Ever since that snowy night she has said that Prince is better than all the silver chains in the world.

—*Maud Lindsay.*

Where was Hans going?
What did he do after he got cold?
What was Prince doing?
What did he do when he found the boy?
What did Hans's aunt say about Prince?

IF YOU MEET A FAIRY

If you meet a fairy
Don't run away;
She won't want to hurt you;
She'll only want to play.

Show her round the garden,
Round the house, too;
She'll want to see the kitchen
(I know they always do).

Find a tiny present
To give her when she goes;
They love silver paper
And little ribbon bows.

If you meet a fairy
Remember what I say—
Talk to her nicely
And don't run away.

—*Rose Fyleman.*

THE FAIRIES' KITTENS

I

One night the Fairy Queen called all her fairies together. They seemed very happy as they gathered around her.

The Queen told them that they should be thankful because they were so happy and had such a beautiful place to live in.

Then she said, "You do many kind things, and you make everyone happy. You are always busy, and so you have no time to be unhappy or to wish for things that you do not have. I am much pleased with you."

"Thank you, dear Queen," said the fairies. Then they all danced around her.

But in a little while there came a day when the fairies did not dance. They all looked very sad.

One fairy was called Dewdrop, because every morning she gathered drops of water

from the brook and put them on the flowers and the grass.

When the Queen saw that the fairies were sad, she called Dewdrop to her, and said, "Why aren't you happy, Dewdrop? Don't you have enough water for your flowers?"

"Oh, yes, dear Queen," answered Dewdrop. "The brook gives me plenty of water. I am sad because there is something that I want, and I know I cannot have it."

"Tell me about it," said the Queen. "Perhaps I can help you."

II

Then Dewdrop told the Queen what she wanted. This is the story the fairy told:

One morning the south wind and a gray cloud brought rain to my flowers. I did not have any work to do, and so I sat under a big leaf and watched the rain. I was in a garden, and a house stood not far away.

As soon as the rain stopped, a little girl came out of the house and called, "Kitty, kitty."

A beautiful gray kitten came running up the path to the little girl. The kitten had a pink ribbon bow, and she was very cunning. The girl had a ball, which she would throw. Then the kitten would run after it and play with it. What a good time they had!

"Why does this make you and my other fairies unhappy?" asked the Queen.

"Tell her, Dewdrop," said one of the other fairies.

Then Dewdrop said, "We each want a kitten to play with—a little gray, furry kitten. Please give us some kittens!"

"I cannot promise you anything today," said the Queen. "Meet me here tomorrow, and I may have something to show you."

"Thank you," said the fairies, and away they all danced to their work.

III

The next morning the Fairy Queen was running along the bank of the brook. She was as busy as busy could be. She was making something curious.

"There," she said at last. "I think I have made enough for each fairy to have one." Then she sat down to rest.

Soon she saw the little fairies coming. They were looking for her.

"There she is," said one fairy.

"Have you something for us?" asked another, running to the Queen.

Then the Queen took them close to the brook and showed them some brown bushes that had little gray tufts on them.

"What are they?" asked one fairy.

"Touch them and see," said the Queen.

Then each fairy touched one of the little soft, gray, furry tufts.

"Oh! Oh!" cried the fairies. "They are our kittens. Thank you, kind Queen, for giving us these kittens."

What fun the little fairies had, playing with their kittens as they waved back and forth on the bushes!

We call the little kittens pussy willows, but the fairies call them their little gray kittens.

—*Abbie Phillips Walker.*

THE HOLLY-TREE ELF

I

In a corner of the warm Southern garden where Jane and John and Billy played all day long, stood a pretty little holly tree. It was not very tall, but it was straight and strong, with bright red berries and pointed, dark green leaves.

One day not long before Christmas, the three children sat near the holly tree. They were talking about what they wanted Santa Claus to bring them.

"Let's write what we want on pieces of paper," said Billy, who had just learned to write at school. "Then we will stick the wishes on the holly tree, and maybe Santa Claus will find them."

"All right," said Jane. "I want a big doll, bigger than any other girl's doll."

"I want a red wagon," said John.

Billy said, "I want an electric train with four cars and an engine."

Then he wrote each wish on a piece of white paper, which he folded up and stuck on the sharp point of a holly leaf.

Soon the boys ran off to play, but Jane sat looking at the white wishes and wondering if Santa really would get them.

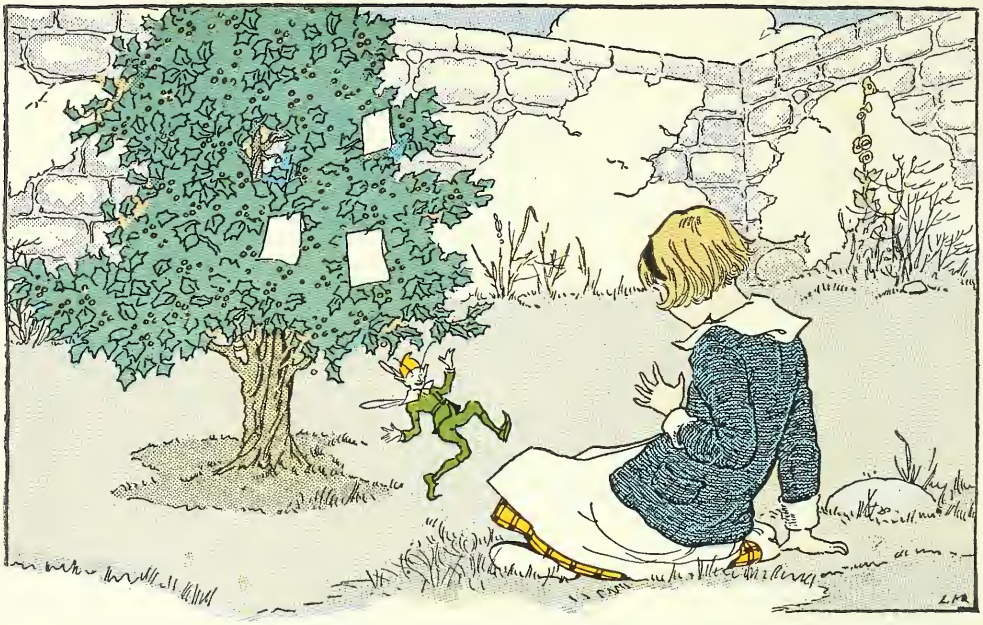
II

She closed her eyes for a minute to shut out the bright sunshine. When she opened them again, she saw a little elf come hopping out of the holly tree. He was dressed in green with a red pointed cap and tiny green shoes turned up at the toes.

He sang in a clear voice like a silver bell:

"Always get and never give—
That's a selfish way to live!"

"Where did you come from?" asked Jane in great surprise.



"Just come into my tree,
And very soon you'll see!"

sang the little elf.

"Into your tree!" said Jane. "How can I get into the tree?" She looked at the holly tree and saw in the midst of it a green stairway. The little elf skipped up the stairway, and Jane followed as fast as she could go.

Up, up, they went until they reached the top, and Jane found herself in a long blue hall with silver windows. She followed the

little elf down the hall to a golden door.

"High and far, high and far,
You have come to the Christmas star,"

sang the elf, and they went through the golden door.

III

Now Jane was inside the Christmas Star. It was a wonderful room with five sides, and in each side there was a window.

In the center stood a giant Christmas tree with many candles. A little elf took care of each candle and tried to keep it lighted. Some of the candles burned brightly, but others would not light at all.

The elves were singing softly:

"Candles, candles on the tree!
One for every child, you see.
If he's kind, the candle glows;
If he's selfish, out it goes!"

Jane turned to the holly-tree elf. "What fun!" she cried. "Which is my candle?"

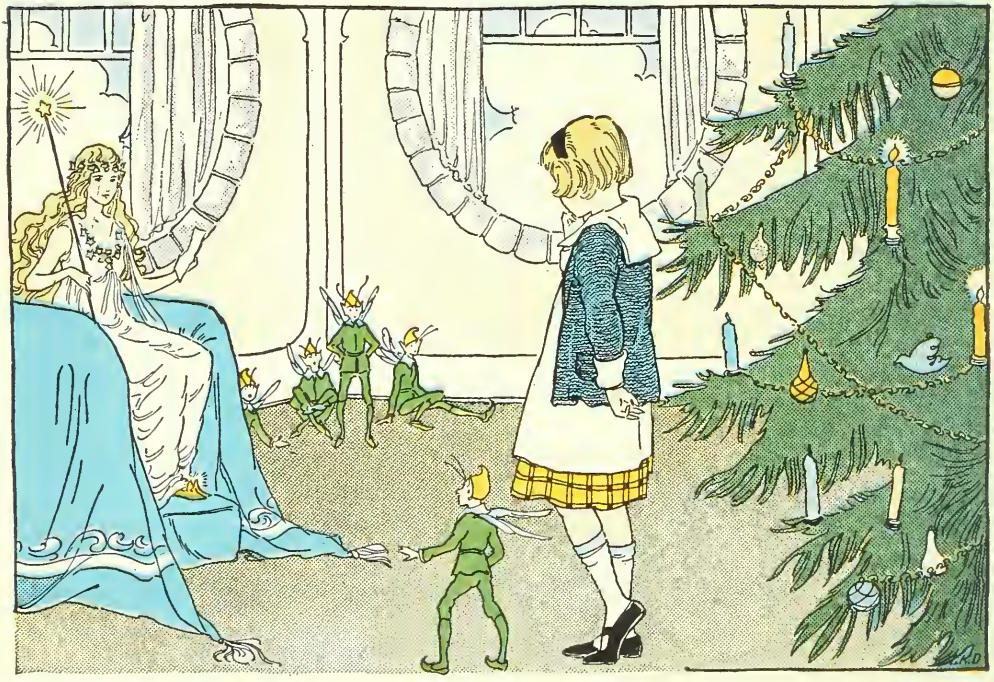
The elf pointed sadly to a blue candle which was not lighted.

"Oh!" said Jane. "Won't you please light it?"

The elf shook his head and sang,

"Come with me, come with me,
The Christmas Fairy waits to see,
The little girl from the holly tree."

The elf took Jane to the other side of the Christmas tree, and there she saw the Christmas Fairy. She was very beautiful,



dressed all in white, with a holly wreath on her golden hair. In one hand she held a magic wand with a little star on the end, and in the other she had a piece of white paper. Jane knew what it was. It was her Christmas wish!

"Jane," said the Fairy, "do you still wish most of all for a big doll?"

"Yes," said Jane; "I want a doll bigger than any other girl's doll."

When she said this, all the little elves looked sad, and the room grew dark.

Then the Fairy turned to the holly-tree elf. "Holly," she said, "show this child the five points of the Christmas star."

IV

Holly led Jane to one of the great windows. A ray of light streamed through this window and made a bright spot on the earth, far below. In this light place Jane saw her home.

She could see right into the living room. A fire was burning in the fire-place, and Billy and John were playing on the rug in front of it. When Jane saw them in the light of the Christmas Star, she wanted to be there with them. And oh, she wanted very greatly to do something to show them how much she loved them. But the elf led her on to the next window.

This time the light from the star fell on a street near Jane's home. It was a dark street with small houses. Jane saw into a bare, cold room, where a poor little girl was playing with a stick wrapped in a rag, instead of a doll.

Jane knew the little girl. She had played with her because she was her neighbor.

"Oh, May," she cried, "I wish Santa would bring you a real doll as big as mine."

When she said this, Holly danced with joy, and all the twinkling candles on the tree grew brighter.

Then Holly led her to the third window. This time Jane saw a big white flag with a red cross in the center. It was so large that it seemed to cover the sky. She saw many men and women and children carrying the flag around the world. Wherever it went, the great Red Cross helped sick people to get well and fed children that were hungry.

"That is the Red Cross," said Jane. "I wish I could help to carry the flag."

"Why don't you?" said Holly.

"How can I?" asked Jane. "I am only a little girl and I cannot leave my home."

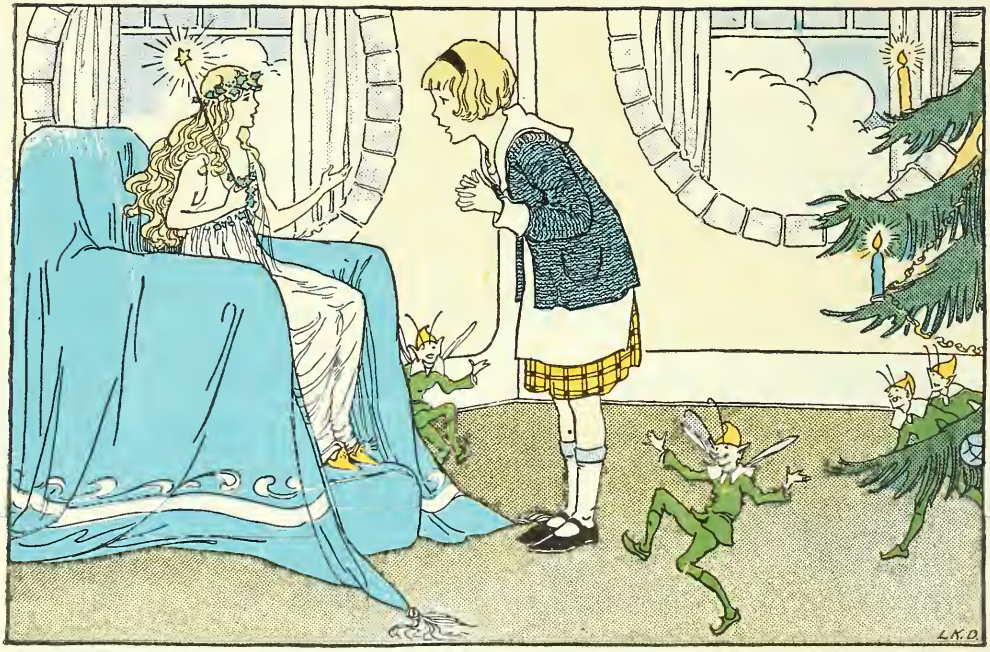
Then the elf sang,

"The pennies that we give,
Make that Red Cross grow and live."

"I will save my pennies for the Red Cross, instead of spending them," said Jane.

The elf started on to the fourth window.

"Please, Holly," said Jane, "I don't want



to see any more points. I want to do something for somebody else."

The elf led the little girl back to the Christmas Fairy.

"Jane," said the Fairy, "shall I give you the Christmas wish you made?"

"Oh, no, please," cried Jane. "May I have two small dolls, so I can give one to May, who hasn't any?"

The Christmas Fairy smiled sweetly as she said "Yes." The little elf danced with happiness, and the Star grew very bright.

Jane rubbed her eyes. The sun was still shining, the holly tree was standing, but there was no elf. She was in her own garden, and someone was calling.

"Jane, Jane, aren't you coming to supper?" she heard.

Slowly she went into the house.

That night she looked out of her bedroom window and saw a very bright star.

"That must be the Christmas Star," she thought. "Sometimes the candles are bright, and sometimes they are dark. That is what makes it twinkle."

Then she said, "I am going to keep my candle lighted."

—Alice Thompson Paine.

A DREAM SONG

Now, shut your eyes, my little maid,
And shut your eyes, my lad,
And dream about the fairy town
Where folks are never bad.

Where everybody smiles, of course,
And children are polite;
Where grown-up people don't say "No,"
And doggies never fight.

Where all the trees with lemon drops
And sugar-plums are thick,
And you can eat them all day long,
And never once get sick.

Where no one ever wants to cry,
Or ever has an ache.
When you can dream such things as these,
Oh, who would stay awake?

—Phila Butler Bowman.

THE MAGIC LADDER

I

It was a rainy Saturday afternoon, and Jack did not know what to do.

"Why do we have rainy days?" he asked his mother. "I wish there were not a rainy day in the world. What can I do?"

"Why don't you read?" said his mother.

"I did read until my eyes hurt," said the little boy.

"Well, then," said his mother, "don't blame the weather. Just change it."

"I can't change the weather," Jack answered, with a smile.

"Oh, yes, you can. Anyone can change the weather if he will try hard enough. Did I never tell you about it? Well, I have heard that you must look right into the face of the clock, and say,

'Tick, tock, tick, tock,
Tell the time of day.
Move your hands, ring your bell,
And chase the rain away.'

If you keep on saying it, the weather will change, and the rain will go away."

Jack looked surprised.

"Why don't you try it?" asked his mother.

"I will," said Jack.

He lay down in front of the big clock and began saying what his mother had told him. After he had said it once he called,

"Mother, do you think the weather will really change if I say it?"

"I'm sure of it, Jack," answered his mother, "if you say it long enough."

What did Jack wish?
What did his mother tell him to do?
How was he to do it?
Do you see a joke in his mother's answer?

II

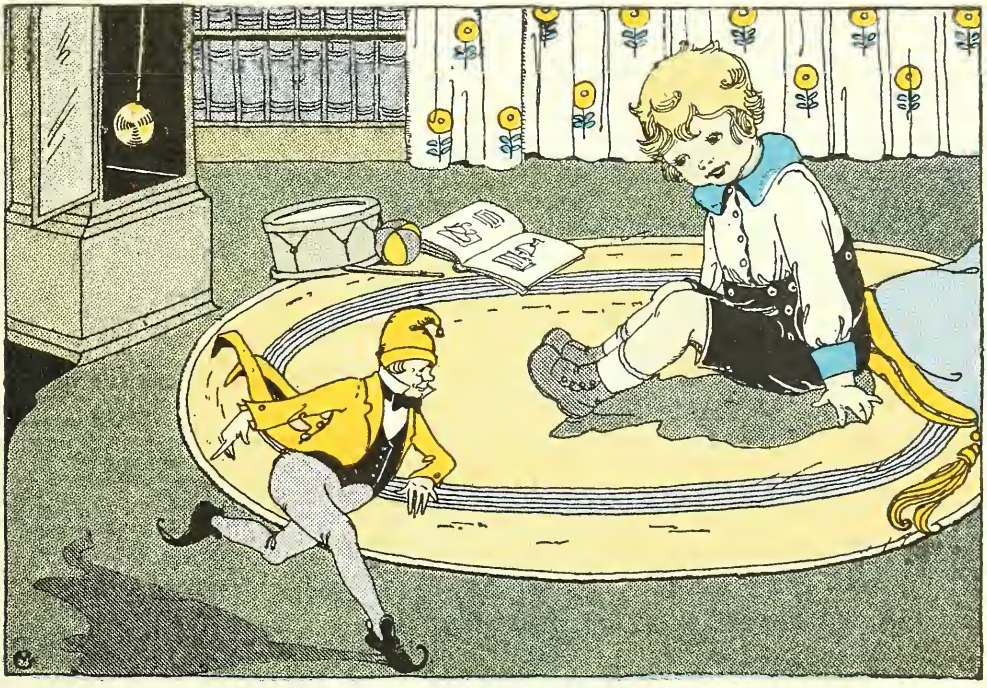
As Jack looked at the tall old clock, with its white face and bright hands, it seemed quite friendly. So he began again.

"Tick, tock, tick, tock,
Tell the time of day.
Move your hands, ring your bell,
And chase the rain away.
Tick, tock, tick, tock—"

Over and over he said it, and every little while he looked out of the window to see if the rain was really going away. But it still rained, and he began to be very sleepy. He was almost ready to give up when a wonderful thing happened.

The funniest little man that you ever saw hopped out of the clock. He had a bright yellow coat on his back, a bright yellow cap on his head, and a bright, happy smile on his face.

"What did I hear you saying?" cried the



little man. "Was it something about chase the rain away? Don't you like rainy days?"

"No," answered Jack. "They spoil all my fun. I wish there never were a rainy day. I wish I lived where the sun shone every day."

"Well, then, come with me," said the little man, "and I will take you there."

"But who are you?" asked Jack.

"My name is Mr. Fancy Featherfoot," said the little yellow man. "People call me Mr. Fancy, for short. I know everything that boys want to know, and I can take them anywhere they wish to go. Put on your cap and come with me, and I'll take you to the House of Beautiful Days."

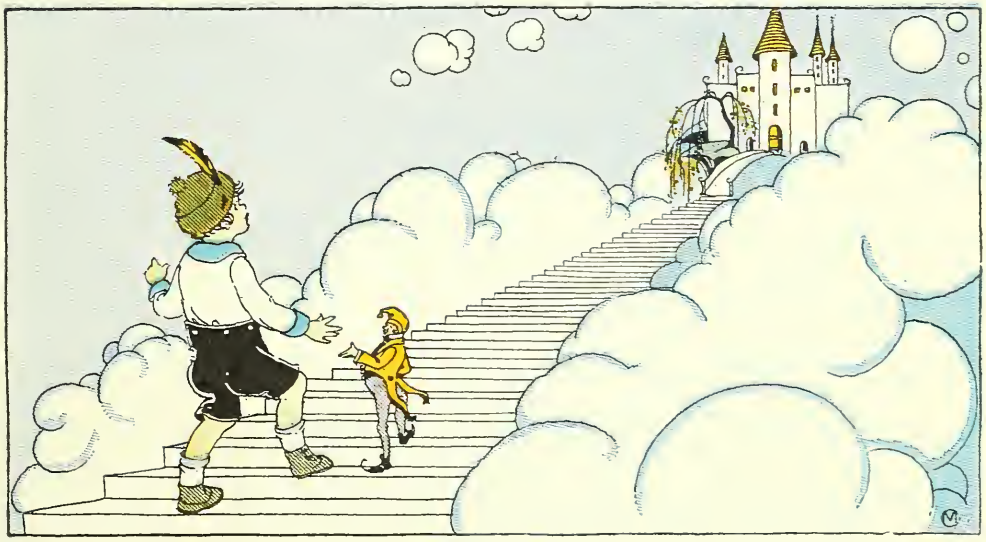
"How shall we get there?" asked Jack.

"This way," said Mr. Fancy, taking from his pocket the queerest little ladder you ever saw. It had golden sides and silver rounds between, and it would reach just as high as anyone wished to go.

Mr. Fancy stood the magic ladder in the corner by the clock, and began to climb. Jack came after him. They climbed to the room upstairs, and right up through that to the roof. When Jack saw that they were going through the roof, he called to the little man, "Please wait a minute, till I get my coat."

"You won't need any coat," said Mr. Fancy. "Stick this feather in your cap, and you won't mind the weather." As he gave Jack the feather, he sang,

"The good cheer feather
Brings fair weather."



Up and up and up they climbed until they came to a big white thing that looked like a cloud. At first Jack was afraid to step on it, for fear he would fall through, but when he saw Mr. Fancy walk on it, he followed him.

What happened while Jack was watching the clock?

Where did the little man say he would take Jack?

How did they go?

III

After a while they came to the door of a beautiful white house as large as a castle, and in they went. They climbed some stairs into a big, big room. Great white walls reached as high as Jack could see.

Overhead was a roof of blue sky, and down from this hung many twinkling lights like stars.

"This is the House of Beautiful Days," said the little yellow man. "And these people that you see everywhere are the beautiful days."

Everywhere that Jack looked he saw little people. They were all dressed in the most wonderful clothes. The boy thought he had never seen so many people before.

Near Jack were some little men who had coats and caps of rubber, from which water ran in tiny streams. When they took off their caps, Jack could see drops of water on their hair.

"Who are these little men?" asked the boy.

Mr. Fancy answered, "They are the beautiful days of rain, who make the lakes, the rivers, and the brooks. They wash away the dust, and then make the flowers and the corn and the trees grow."

Jack said, "They are beautiful, and they are useful, too. I never thought before that rainy days are beautiful."

Farther away Jack saw some people dressed all in gold, with sunbeams in their hair. "Who are the golden ones?" he asked.

"Why, those are the beautiful days of sunshine," answered the little man. "They pick up the sunbeams that fall on the floor of the House of Beautiful Days."

There were other little folks, dressed all in gray, except that their coats and caps were trimmed with red berries. Their little faces were happy, too.

When Mr. Fancy saw Jack looking at them, he said, "Those are the beautiful cloudy days. They like to roll the clouds over the sky."

"The white people with the silver spades are the beautiful days of snow," he went on. "They gather up the snow-flakes that fall through the roof of this house, and spread them over the earth."

Then Jack saw some little people with ribbons streaming out behind their clothes, and hair flying about their faces.

"I think," he said, "that those must be the beautiful days of wind."

"You are right, my boy," answered the little yellow man. "These are the days that catch the breezes, and blow them over the earth."

What was the name of the house they came to?

What kind of people lived in it?

Tell what the rainy days do.

What is the work of the days of sunshine?

What do the cloudy days do?

What do the snowy days give to children?

IV

"What is this?" Jack asked, as he saw a high white throne.

"That is the seat of the Great Father of the Days," answered Mr. Fancy. "Once each night he sits upon this throne and chooses a new day to send to the earth."

"Oh," said the little boy. "How does he choose one?"

"This is the way he does it," answered Mr. Fancy. "Every night the great bell rings, and the Father of the Days comes out of the golden door over there—look!"

Suddenly the little boy saw that it was night. A great bell rang, the golden door opened, and out came the oldest looking man Jack had ever seen. He had long white hair and a white robe. Many tiny people danced about him as he marched like a king toward his seat.

"Who are the tiny people?" asked Jack.

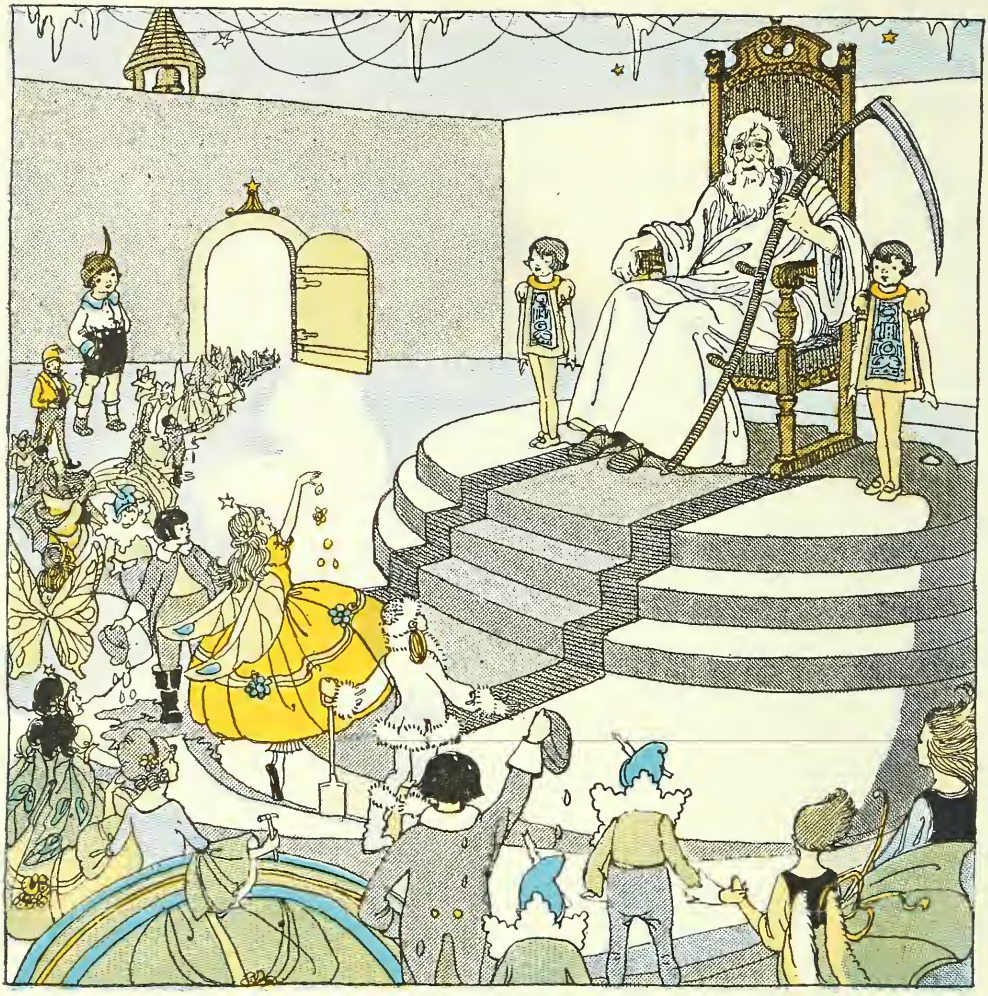
"They're the minutes," said Mr. Fancy.

"Is that Father Time?" said Jack in a low voice.

The little yellow man nodded.

Jack saw Father Time step up on his throne. Then all the beautiful days came and stood before him.

"My children," said Father Time, "we must now send another beautiful day upon his journey to the world." He went on,



"We send to everyone below
A happy day. Now let him go
And carry with him light and love
And happy thoughts from here above.
So, let the day that wants to go
Raise first his hand, that I may know."

It seemed to Jack that every hand went up at once, and he could not tell which was

first. But Father Time could tell, and he called to a day that was far from him.

The day he had called came and stood before Father Time. Then the old, old man made the new day promise to be beautiful. The new day said he would carry "time and light and love." He promised to help men and women do their work.

Then the new day bowed to Father Time, rose upon his golden wings, and flew away.

Tell about the man Jack saw on a throne.

What did Father Time do?

What did the new day promise?

V

Jack watched the beautiful day fly far away.

Then he said, "Mr. Fancy, when will the beautiful day come back?"

The little yellow man answered, "It will never come back."

The boy sat thinking until Mr. Fancy said, "Jack, your mother will soon wonder what has become of you. You must go home. Come."

He turned around, and Jack followed him down the stairs and back to the ladder. Then Mr. Fancy hopped down the ladder like a squirrel, and Jack hopped quickly after him.

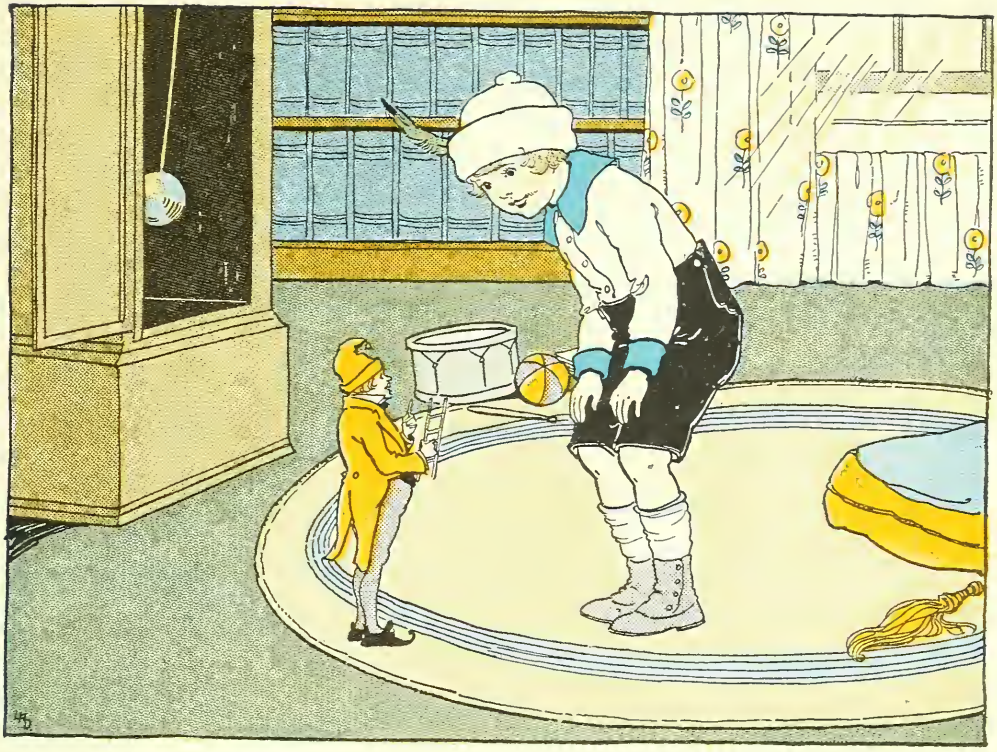
Down, down, down, they went, through the roof, and back to the corner beside the old clock. Mr. Fancy folded up his wonderful ladder and put it in his pocket. "Good-bye, Jack," he said.

"Come again, Mr. Fancy Featherfoot!" cried Jack.

"Why?" asked the little man.

"Because I shall want to go again to the House of Beautiful Days."

"Well, you may go whenever you wish."



"But I have no magic ladder," said Jack.

"You can make one for yourself," said Mr. Fancy. "I'll tell you how." And he said very slowly,

"A happy heart,
A face that smiles,
And some rounds of laughing between.

"That ladder will take you to the House of Beautiful Days any time you wish to go."

Then the little man jumped into the clock.

"Jack! Wake up!" called his mother.

He sat up and rubbed his eyes. The sun was shining in at the window.

"I think you have had a nap," said his Mother. "Look out of doors. Now you see that the weather will change if you say to the clock,

'Tick, tock, tick, tock,
Tell the time of day.
Move your hands, ring your bell,
And chase the rain away.'

For you see that it is a beautiful day."

"All days are beautiful days, Mother," said Jack.

"Why, Jack! What do you mean?"

"I haven't time to tell you now," Jack said, getting up. "I told Bob that if it stopped raining, I would come out to play with him. I'll tell you all about it when I come in."

When he was getting ready for bed that night, Jack told his mother all about Mr. Fancy Featherfoot and the trip to the House of Beautiful Days. He told her, too, the secret of the magic ladder, and how it was made.

—*Jay T. Stocking.*

Why did Jack go home?

How could Jack always go to the House of Beautiful Days?

What had Jack really been doing?

What was the secret of the magic ladder?

Tell the whole story.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS

Silent Reading Stories

The Silent Reading material in this Reader (see pp. 6, 31-37, 64-69, 83-98, 129-135, 179-191, 212-229) has been carefully tested by actual classroom use. Three new and distinctive features make the work definite and easy to control: (1) Each story is phrased entirely in words previously known to the children; (2) Each story is divided by Roman numerals into three or more parts, each of which is a complete unit of the story plot; (3) At the end of each of these parts, several questions are given which are intended to test the child's ability to gain the content of the unit that has been read silently. These questions, like the text, are all phrased in words previously known to the pupils.

Silent Reading Picture Story (p. 6). This six-part picture is a visual means of introducing the pupil to the idea of a definite division of his book into Parts—an idea which is further developed in *The Elson Readers, Book Three,* where "Helps to Study" are given for each Part. In taking up the study of this picture, the teacher may proceed somewhat as follows:

Open the Readers to page 6, and look at the picture. How many Parts has it? (Six.) Look at Number 1, and tell what you see in it. (Children making a garden.) Now turn to page 3. The word at the top—Contents—means that this page and the next tell you what is in your book. Part I is about children. Do you see how Picture 1 fits it? Now turn through Part One (pp. 7-37), and you will see that nearly all the pictures show children. You will also see that the pictures for two stories ("Betty's Flower Shop" and "Billy's Garden") are about children making gardens. Now look again at page 6. You are to study each of the pictures numbered 2 to 6, and find stories that fit each picture. (Or the class may be divided into sections, and each section given one picture to study.) When I call on you, every child should have found some stories.

Billy's Garden (pp. 31-37). The following suggestions for the use of the first silent reading story will serve as a type-lesson for selections of a similar character at the end of each group of stories in the Reader.

Aim of Work: To train children to read silently at a satisfactory rate of speed, and to gain the full content of the Part, as tested by the questions.

First Step: (Instructions by Teacher.) Open the Readers to page 31. We have a story to read by ourselves that has no word in it we have not read before. You may tell me the name of the story (Billy's Garden). You

are to read silently Part I of this story, and the questions at the end which have blue lines around them (see p. 32). When you have finished reading and can answer all the questions, close the book and raise your eyes. All eyes this way, and do not begin to read until I say *Start.* When I say *Stop,* close your books Now get ready (good reading position with eyes on teacher); *Start.*

Second Step: (Silent Reading by Children.) As the children read, the teacher should watch for lip movement or finger pointing. Say nothing about such cases at this time, but use later development period to correct these habits. Say *Stop* at the end of two minutes, unless you find that only a few children have raised their eyes at the end of this time limit. In such case it may be wise to extend the time, leaving until later the effort to increase reading speed. Too much attention to speed in the first few lessons is not advisable, since the pupils are being introduced to a new kind of work. During this silent-reading period, the teacher should note the pupils who first indicate that they have completed the assignment. By calling upon such pupils first to answer the questions, the teacher will be able to find out which of the rapid readers have been developing slovenly habits of half-guessing at the thought.

Third Step: (Answers to Questions by Children.) As pupils are called upon for answers, ask the class to listen carefully to see if the child reciting gives the thought of Part I with reasonable completeness. The resulting class discussion will show which pupils are real thought-getters, and which fail, either because they are slow word-by-word readers, or because they are satisfied to skim too rapidly and merely guess at the content. Remedial work should be done for such pupils in the basal development periods.

Fourth Step: Go over Part I with the children, pointing out just where in the story the question was answered. Careful guidance at this stage will greatly increase the pupils' ability to read later story-units effectively.

Now turn to Part II (page 33), and proceed as for Part I. The fourth step should be omitted as soon as the children are familiar with the work. From here on, the teacher will decide for herself the time to be allowed for each Part of a story. Care should be taken not to give too long or too short a time. Slow word-by-word readers should be made conscious of the fact that they read too slowly. The too rapid readers who are careless should know that they are not the best readers.

Phonetic Work

The vocabulary of this book offers excellent opportunity for establishing pupils more firmly in the use of the phonetic elements taught in *The Elson Readers, Book Two.* In reviewing, as well as in first presenting phonetic elements, they should be taken up *"as one by one, they appear in the printed story."* (See *Manual for The Elson Readers, Book Two, page 251.*) The following list shows the phonetic elements to be reviewed, together with the word or words from which each is taken.

BETTY'S FLOWER SHOP: *et*-Betty; *op*-shop; *orn*-morning; *spr*-spring; *ing*-spring, things; *ound*-found, ground; *ag*-bags; *en*, opened, garden; *ee*-seeds, weeds; *in*-inside; *gr*-ground, grow; *ead*-ready, heads; *bl*-black, bloom; *ack*-black; *ake*-rake; *ug*-dug, bugs; *oon*-soon; *ust*-just; *end*-send; *ench*-bench; *old*-sold; *ine*-sunshine; *ood*-good.

I DON'T WANT TO: *ant*-want; *et*-Betty, get; *ane*-Jane; *ark*-lark, dark; *ock*-clock, tock; *ush*-brush; *air*-hair; *op*-stop, hop; *ame*-blame; *ay*-today; *ine*-shine; *ad*-bad, glad.

NELL AND HER BIRD: *ell*-Nell, tell; *ood*-good; *ie*-birdie; *ove*-above, love; *end*-sends; *ight*-right; *o*-go, so, no; *it*-it, sit; *ake*-shake; *qu*-quickly; *ly*-quickly, gladly.

POOR MARY JANE: *ane*-Jane; *orn*-morning; *or*-Dorothy, forgetting; *ag*-rag; *arn*-yarn; *ill*-will, still; *ame*-name, came; *pl*-play-room, please; *ore*-more, before; *im*-him; *ould*-could, should; *ear*-tears; *elt*-felt; *er*-harder; *ile*-smiled; *ump*-jump; *ar*-far; *aid*-maid.

BILLY'S GARDEN: *ill*-Billy, will; *ard*-garden, yard; *ay*-day, away; *wh*-what, where; *ake*-take, rake, make; *un*-sunny; *ear*-near, cleared; *eed*-seeds, weed; *ade*-spade; *oe*-hoe; *oad*-toad; *ug*-bugs, dug; *ow*-grow; *ove*-lovely.

HOW THE FLOWERS GROW: *ow*-grow, know; *ound*-ground, round; *een*-seen, green; *ade*-blade; *ay*-day, way, say; *eep*-keeps, sleeps; *ee*-thee; *ide*-wide, inside; *own*-grown, blown.

UP TO THE SKY AND BACK: *air*-fairies; *eed*-need; *cl*-clouds; *oud*-clouds; *at*-that; *ew*-knew, dew, blew; *wh*-what, while, when; *br*-brook, brought; *dr*-drops; *it*-city; *ot*-hot; *ain*-raindrops; *pl*-please; *ing*-everything.

LITTLE WHITE LILY: *one*-stone, shone; *ing*-drooping, holding, falling, filling; *ain*-pain, rain; *up*-cup, up.

FIVE PEAS IN A POD: *od*-pod; *at*-that; *ine*-vine, fine; *ing*-going, sitting; *ong*-long, strong; *ell*-yellow, shell, well; *ock*-pocket; *ack*-crack; *and*-hand; *or*-for; *ot*-shot; *un*-sun, fun; *ound*-around; *air*-chair.

THE ROBIN: *en*-when, then; *ade*-spade; *e* (final)-spade, stone; *ig*-dig, twig; *ong*-along, song; *one*-alone, stone.

THE LITTLE FROG THAT DID NOT MIND: *og*-frog; *ind*-mind; *ide*-side; *eep*-deep; *ound*-round; *ank*-bank; *br*-bravely; *sw*-swim, swam; *ie*-die; *own*-drown; *eak*-squeaky; *id*-did; *ack*-back; *ail*-tail; *ug*-kerchug.

Why Little Cricket Sang: *ick*-cricket; *et*-cricket, set, met; *ang*-sang; *un*-under, fun; *st*-stone, stay; *own*-town; *one*-stone, lonely; *ip*-hippity; *er*-grasshopper; *ought*-thought; *fl*-butterfly; *each*-reached; *ee*-tree; *oo*-whoo; *ack*-back.

The Spiders: *sl*-sly; *sp*-spider, spin, spun; *en*-den, ten.

The Turkey's Nest: *ur*-turkey; *est*-nest, West, best; *ay*-day, way, gray; hay; *uck*-Duck; *er*-water, under; *ide*-hide; *ead*-meadow; *ill*-hill, mill; *ook*-brook, took; *eel*-feel: *tr*-try; *ack*-back.

Clovers: *cl*-clovers; *thr*-three; *and*-stand; *other*-mother, another, brother; *ee*-three; *er*-another, ever; *ind*-finds; *uck*-luck.

The Story of Luck and Pluck: *uck*-Luck, Pluck; *ard*-garden; *ay*-day, playing; *ound*-found; *ean*-means; *ish*-wish; *ould*-would, should; *oom*-bloomed; *gr*-gray, green; *out*-about; *ease*-please.

Five Little Chickens: *eer*-queer; *ug*-bug; *ake*-shake; *ead*-head, bread; *atch*-patch, scratch.

The Cock and the Hen: *ock*-cock; *en*-hen; *op*-top-knot, dropped; *oud*-proud; *ain*-plain; *an*-can, began; *uck*-cluck; *ew*-flew.

The Fox That Traveled: *ox*-fox; *ay*-day, may, away; *ag*-bag; *aw*-saw; *en*-then, opened; *ame*-came; *kn*-knocked; *ock*-knocked; *ing*-morning, standing, baking; *ew*-flew; *ook*-looked; *an*-ran, began; *atch*-catch; *er*-mother; *oke*-joke.

The Stars in the Sky: *st*-stars, started, stairs, steps, standing; *sk*-sky; *ight*-night, right; *ill*-will, still; *elf*-myself; *art*-started; *een*-seen; *sw*-swam, swimming; *am*-swam; *airs*-stairs; *ide*-ride; *ish*-fish; *eam*-dream.

The Laughing Jack-o-Lantern: *ack*-jack-o-lantern; *ange*-orange; *ump*-pumpkin; *ake*-make, take; *ight*-might, light, right; *ide*-inside; *em*-stem; *ap*-snapped; *st*-still; *ark*-dark; *eam*-dreamed.

Uncle Rabbit's Thanksgiving Dinner: *atch*-patch; *ed*-hopped, picked, crossed, wrapped, puffed, looked; *ick*-picked; *ur*-turnips; *ook*-took, looking, cooking; *oo*-food; *wr*-wrapped; *sc*-scarf; *ut*-but; *uff*-puffed.

The Kitten That Wanted to Be a Christmas Present: *it*-kitten, rabbit, little; *old*-cold; *sn*-snow; *ow*-snow, know; *ay*-gray, stay; *eep*-deep, asleep; *pl*-please; *tw*-two; *st*-stockings; *ast*-fast; *oke*-woke; *ug*-rug.

How Fred Earned a Flag: *fr*-Fred; *ed*-Fred, red; *fl*-flag; *other*-Mother; *ade*-parade; *and*-band, standing; *ind*-behind; *wh*-white, when; *ish*-wish; *oat*-coat; *ole*-poles; *ook*-took.

The Blue and the Green Eggs: *ell*-tell, well, sell; *aid*-laid; *kn*-know; *est*-best, nest; *ight*-light; *ox*-box; *ast*-master; *atch*-hatch; *un*-funny, running; *out*-about; *east*-Easter.

The Balloon Man: *an*-man; *ark*-market; *ay*-days, stays, away; *th*-they; *een*-green, between; *ing*-string, everything.

Star, the Proud Horse: *pr*-proud; *oud*-proud; *ane*-mane; *ail*-tail; *th*-thought, thinking; *ought*-thought; *ing*-crowing, licking, looking, running, stepping, eating, hanging, getting, chewing; *ay*-gray; *ear*-ear, hear; *ick*-licking, kick; *other*-mother; *ad*-Lad, had, sad, bad; *ide*-side; *ade*-shade, made; *ump*-lump; *ight*-light, right, bright; *ip*-whip; *itch*-hitched; *ice*-ice, mice; *ell*-bell.

Peter Rabbit: *op*-Flopsy, Mopsy, stop; *ood*-good, woods; *ead*-bread, ready; *ook*-cookies, look; *ane*-lane; *arm*-farmer; *ard*-garden; *ate*-gate, ate; *ick*-sick, quickly; *ant*-planting; *ack*-back, jacket; *atch*-catch; *eeze*-sneeze; *ip*-tip.

A Visit to the Old Mill: *ill*-mill, will, miller, filled, still; *orn*-morning, corn, horn; *ind*-grind; *urn*-turn; *op*-hopper; *cr*-crank; *ank*-crank, thank; *ound*-round, ground; *ink*-drink, think; *eat*-wheat, eat; *eal*-meal; *ew*-new, few; *str*-street; *ock*-shocks; *out*-spout; *wh*-white, wheel, what.

Prince, the Faithful Dog: *og*-dog; *ar*-far; *ame*-named, came; *ear*-year, dear, tears, hear; *old*-old, gold, told; *ain*-chain; *air*-fair; *ight*-sights, tight, might, night; *ile*-while; *ick*-thick, lick; *arm*-harm.

If You Meet a Fairy: *eet*-meet; *ay*-away, play, say; *ow*-show, know, bows; *ove*-love.

The Fairies' Kittens: *air*-fairies, fairy; *ight*-night; *een*-Queen; *all*-called, ball; *un*-unhappy; *ew*-Dewdrop; *ook*-brook; *en*-plenty, then; *st*-story; *ur*-furry; *eet*-meet; *ave*-waved.

The Holly-Tree Elf: *tr*-tree, train; *elf*-elf, selfish; *orn*-corner; *ane*-Jane; *ood*-stood; *all*-tall, hall, small; *ick*-stick; *ish*-wishes, selfish; *ain*-train; *oe*-toes; *ear*-clear, near; *ip*-skipped; *ight*-brightly, lighted, right.

A Dream Song: *eam*-dream; *ow*-now; *ut*-shut; *ad*-lad, bad; *ile*-smiles; *em*-lemon, them; *ick*-thick, sick; *ing*-things.

The Magic Ladder: *ad*-ladder, had; *ack*-Jack, back; *ain*-rainy; *wh*-what, when, white; *ile*-smile; *ock*-clock, tock; *ime*-time; *an*-man, Fancy; *thr*-throne; *old*-golden, oldest; *cr*-secret.

SOME BOOKS FOR A ROOM LIBRARY

The Child-Library series of Readers aims to *extend* the pupil's reading through suggestions of additional stories and books from the library. In the second grade, the "reading table" or room library, now an essential in all grades, is probably the best means of establishing the reading habit and of giving training in independent silent reading.

Obviously children of this age cannot be sent to a public library to select books, and it is therefore best for the second-grade teacher to collect a few books which will be conveniently accessible to all the pupils. None of the books should be too difficult for the best readers, but allowance should be made for varying interests and abilities.

The brief list which follows is intended to suggest possible examples of typical books for a room library. Every teacher will be able to add to it from her own experience.

Through the Farmyard Gate, Poulsson.
Little Black Sambo, Bannerman.
Picture Tales from the Russian, Carrick.
Little Indian Folk, Deming.
Santa Claus Book, Smith.
Book of Gnomes, Weatherly.
Four and Twenty Toilers, Lucas.
The Chicken World, Smith.
Chinese Mother Goose Rhymes, Headland.
Classic Stories for the Little Ones, McMurry.
Once upon a Time Stories, Hix.
Nature Myths, Cooke.
Five Little Friends, Adams.
Merry Animal Tales, Bigham.
Little Folks' Magazine (Salem, Mass.).
Junior Home Magazine (910 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago).
The Youth's Companion—Children's Page (Boston, Mass.)

WORD LIST

The following list contains the words of this book that were not taught in the *Child-Library Primer* and *Book One*, or in *The Elson Readers, Primer, Book One,* and *Book Two.* Words printed in italic type have been developed phonetically in the work with *The Elson Primer, Book One,* or *Book Two,* and are therefore not new to the child when read in the pages indicated.

8 *rake*
dug

9 *bugs*

11 city
vegetables

13 *hair*-ribbon
closet

14 *tock*
blame

15 wears

18 *Nell*
merry
wounded

19 I'd

20 Dorothy
fifth
rag
yarn

21 mama
Tony

23 comfort
heart-*broken*
worse

24 *let's*

25 puppy

29 hugged

30 presents

38 *blade*
purest
forth
curious

39 cozy
thee

41 different

45 drooping
pain

48 *shot*
hidden

49 aunt

53 bobs

55 edge
swimming

56 *drown*

57 kerchug

63 sly
spun
lace

73 extra

74 *Pluck*
Jimmie

75 means

79 squirm
shrug
squeal
fourth

80 crumb
patch
plain

81 fancy

82 cackled

88 decided
joke

89 Towser

99 choose

100 burning

101 matter

102 twisted

103 Halloween
cotton-*tail*

108 jolly

109 Uncle

110 pudding

111 sugar
Chipmunk

112 bite

113 Tommy

114 middle

117 suddenly

121 Eve
whoa

122 *rug*
saucer

123 *Fred*

124 waving

125 knitting

127 dollar

128 truth
raises

137 balloon
lunch
between
sailing

138 Southern
mane
forehead
forward
backward

139 *licking*
paws
nodded
pasture

140 *lump*
bridle

141 lesson
harness

142 sniff
prince

143 hitched

144 *chain*
clank

146 chewing
rubbed

153 Peter
Flopsy
Mopsy

154 lettuce
parsley
knees
cabbages

155 bush
buttons
jacket
leaving
wood-shed

161 David
coffee
crank

166 harvest
cutting

167 bundles
setting
shocks

168 kernels

169 machine
spout

170 husks

172 trough

175 riga-diga-di
riga-diga-day

178 *muffins*

197 furry

199 tufts

200 holly-*tree*

201 electric
train
wrote
stuck

202 midst
skipped

203 elves
glows

205 wreath

206 twinkling

207 pennies
spending

208 happiness

211 polite
fight
lemon
sugar-*plums*
ache

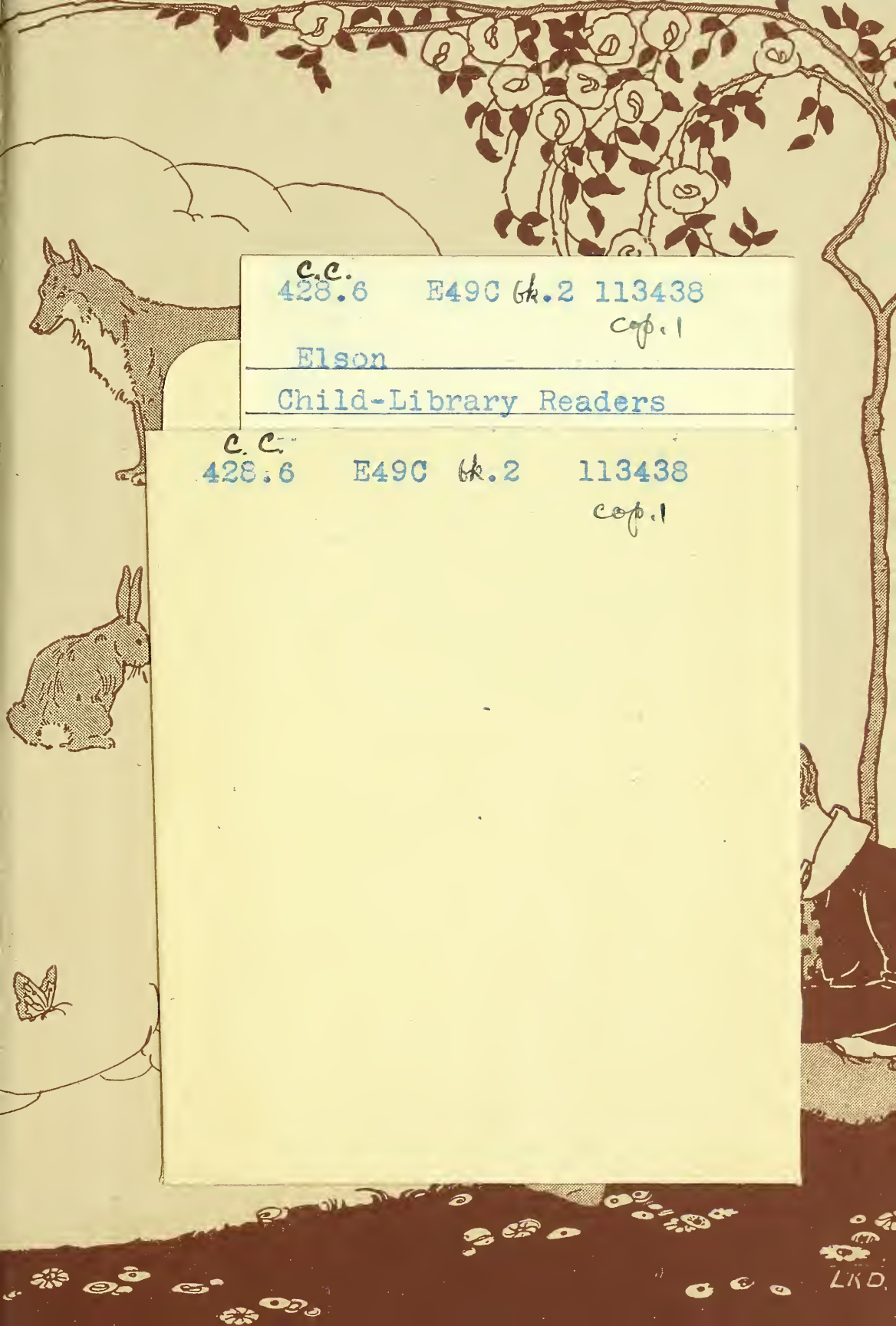
Date Due

JUL. 18 '30			

L. B. Cat. No. 1137

C.C.
428.6 E49C bk.2 113438
cop.1
Elson
Child-Library Readers

C.C.
428.6 E49C bk.2 113438
cop.1



Duke University Libraries
D03406867Y